NEW MASSES

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"BUILDING AMERICAN-SOVIET FRIENDSHIP"

A special issue on the occasion of June 22nd

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THIS column is one of our windows on the world. While the fund drive was on we had no space for it, and we had to keep the window closed. Now, however, we can stick our heads out again, and exchange lively remarks with the passersby.

There are two things you can use a window for: to see out—and to see in. This column is particularly useful in giving our readers a chance to look at us, at our problems of analysis and criticism, organization and finance; at our daily activities, our plans for the future, even our babies. And you can also use a window for a listening post, if you want to know what the neighbors are saying about you. We do.

NM belongs to its readers, and we like to know what they think of it. So we're opening the window for comments. You can even toss in a few bricks, if you happen to feel like it. What's good in the magazine, and what's bad? What's missing that you think ought to be there? How do you feel about our analysis of current news, how do our historical articles strike you, do you like our poetry, and do you agree with our opinions about the movies? What do you think about this Special Issue? We're listening.

And what's cooking in your kitchen? There are a great many phases of the war effort, and of our national life, which our editors can't go and see for themselves. It's up to you, our co-editors, to tell us about them. We're listening.

WE'RE particularly glad to reappear with Between Ourselves in this special issue which commemorates two years of the heroic fight of the Russian people. Although a few days in advance, the editors of NM join with the millions who will observe national Tribute to Russia Week, sponsored by Russian War Relief, with Mrs. Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, Bishop Manning, Thomas Lamont, Philip Murray, and others for its directing committee. From June 20-27 Americans throughout the country will be paying tribute to their Soviet ally. Governors of most of our states, mayors of hundreds of cities, will proclaim June 22 as a special anniversary for commemoration. Rallies and concerts in the largest stadiums of the country will express American admiration and support for the Soviet Union. In Los Angeles Leopold Stokowski will conduct the symphony orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl; in Scranton the Anthracite Coal Chorus will sing Russian songs. At the great Randall's Island stadium in New York Ambassador Davies and Mayor LaGuardia will speak, while in the town of Perth Amboy the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers will hold a party in honor of the Red Army.

One of the most important parts of the tribute is the Write to Russia campaign, initiated by Russian War Relief and the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship. Already more than 1,000,000 Americans—schoolboys, housewives, factory workers, soldiers, farmers, schoolteachers, engineers—have written letters to individual Soviet citizens. The goal is 5,000,000.

There is so much to say in an issue of this kind that we have had an embarrassment of riches. We are compelled to hold some of our finest pieces for later publication. For instance, there's Samuel Sillen's review of Ilya Ehrenburg's great novel *The Fall of Paris*; this will appear next week. Wanda Wasilewska's story of a heroic Soviet grandmother is scheduled for early publication. And there's Sasha Molodchy's diary. We've told you about Sasha before. He's the boy who, in two years of war, has flown his Soviet bomber over 112,500 miles of enemy territory—and kept a record of it. You'll see that record soon.

We have a number of articles on the home front planned or waiting publication, too. Louis Budenz' discussion of the labor situation may be looked for in an early issue. Joseph Starobin has done an article on Walter Lippmann's new book, *US Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*.

Our editors and other writers will continue discussion of the dissolution of the Comintern, and we urge our readers to write their own thoughts on this subject.

We haven't forgotten the arts, either. Many artists have served the war effort magnificently in the past two years, as the current exhibition sponsored by the Artists League of America indicates. On view at the ACA Gallery in New York (26 West 8th St.), this show consists of work by artists in war production. Another significant exhibit, opening June 20, is the Victory Month Show of Artist Associates, a cooperative group of progressive artists who run their own gallery (138 West 15th St.) and have much distinguished work to their credit. The present show offers paintings in exchange for war bonds and stamps. Both of these exhibitions will be reviewed soon.

The entertainment industry, mobilizing itself for war, held a national conference recently on which we will comment soon in detail. A forthcoming article by Joy Davidman on the function of poetry in the war will be followed by a symposium in which American poets will express their views; readers are invited to participate.

THE fund drive is officially closed; but, as our readers were informed last week, we still lack $10,000 of our goal of $40,000, a goal we must reach to be sure of survival in the coming year. Please don't let the official closing of the drive deter you from sending in any cash you can collect! Some *is* still coming in—for example, $100 from "Clevelander." And some dollar bills, or fivers, always helpful and welcome. Have you shaken the piggy bank recently, to see what dimes can be spared? Or, more practically, how about a party to raise funds? Once you reach the right convivial mood, money-raising is practically a painless process. Remember we still have to clip the claws off that wolf who's scratching at the office door!

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ALLY AND FRIEND

By the Editors

THE Soviet people and their gallant Red Army need no special garland of roses from us on the occasion of June 22. But it would be less than decent not to commemorate the day of their entrance into the war and to express some measure of gratitude to those who have done most to save our lives in the past two years. And Americans are deeply grateful. They have watched every storm that has swept the Eastern Front; they have spent anxious hours hoping for the best when for the moment only the worst seemed to be happening; they have dug into their pockets for medical relief funds and combed their closets for the spare garments with which to warm the looted populations; and, finally, through meetings and petitions, they have pressed our leaders to hasten the day when we might share more fully in the burden of fighting.

All these and many more are the unofficial tokens of a maturing friendship between the two greatest powers on earth. It has not always been this way. But now we are well on the road to what is the most natural development in the world. Both states were born in a people's revolution; both peoples have deeply admired each other's technology and literature; both peoples have nourished each other with that hatred of oppressors and with that spirit of freedom of which Lincoln and Lenin are immortal and universal symbols. The Russians have celebrated the bi-centenary of Thomas Jefferson as though he were born somewhere in their own vast land. In our Civil War, even during czarist days, the Russians sent their fleet into New York and San Francisco harbors as a warning to tory Britishers who sought to intervene in behalf of the slaveholders. And now in this war of liberation they have spilled rivers of blood thereby washed away many of those barriers that had stood between us.

THIS issue of NEW MASSES, then, embodying as it does a cross-section of opinion on the Soviet Union as expressed by several of the country's leading political and cultural figures, is first of all a tribute to an ally. But it is also a tribute to American patriotic thinking, which insists that there can be no calm or orderly world unless it remains united and the Soviet Union is accepted as an equal among equals. This unity, born as it was in the crucible of war, is not automatically self-perpetuating. Whether it will endure rests primarily on victory and on the common struggle for victory. It rests, furthermore, on mutual understanding—a prerequisite for fruitful friendships that will not flutter away with the first strong winds. Such understanding, the enemy of arrogance in international life, is the basis of cooperation. These are the cornerstones of the concept of grand alliance, of the concept of coalition.

We are, therefore, embarked on a whole era of finding things out about our allies which heretofore should have been an elementary part of our education. About the Soviet Union there is much for us to learn. The Russians in the past have sent some of their best engineering minds to study our industrial processes and techniques. They have evinced a zeal for American efficiency and pioneering which are bywords in their classrooms and factories. In turn we have not shown nearly as much interest in Soviet life. Ask your neighbor's high school children whether they have heard of Sholokhov the novelist, or Kapitza the physicist, or Lysenko the geneticist. We would offhand wager that they had not. Nor is it only high school students to whom these names are unknown. A great majority of Americans are in almost complete ignorance of the treasures which these three men—not to mention a score or more of their contemporaries—have added to the world's culture. So among our first obligations in building a close rapprochement between our two peoples is knowledge, an exchange of information of the culture and history of our two countries which will dispel the myths and legends still presented as facts. Otherwise we shall live in a whirlpool of prejudice—prejudice that reached its summit when American military "experts" said that the Wehrmacht would crush the Red Army in three weeks.

True, the necessities of war have somewhat lifted the heavy shrouding the advances of Soviet society. But is that enough? Great Britain, for example, has sealed its relations with the Soviet Union for the next twenty years. Our relationship still remains for the most part in the lend-lease stage. It is not grounded in a pact that would once and for all destroy the idea that we are dealing with a great ally as a temporary expedient. The understanding reached in Washington when Mr. Molotov was here a year ago this month marked a great step forward in our collaboration. Both sides stated their satisfaction with the unity reached on a number of questions related to the safeguarding of the peace and security of the democratic peoples. By contrast, however, the Anglo-Soviet pact created a practical instrument for a firm military alliance which pledged both countries to mutual assistance against aggression; pledged each not to conclude any alliance and not to take part in any coalition directed against the other; pledged each to render the other all possible economic assistance after the war.

In this historic document was defined the basis for an enduring friendship. No such document as wide in scope or as rich in meaning yet exists between us although the reservoir of good will here is as deep as that which made possible the Anglo-Soviet treaty. An American-Soviet pact would not be a mere formality. Its significance would reverberate throughout the world, lending new strength and greater stability to the coalition as a whole. To go a step farther, a tripartite pact among Washington, London, and Moscow would provide the larger framework of collective security to restrain any future marauder from throwing the world again into the furnace of war. And finally it would sharply delineate American foreign policy and slam the door on a whole era of isolationism which Hitler turned to his own uses.

THIS is one of the larger perspectives on the eve of great and decisive battles and as we rapidly emerge from the preparatory stage made possible by the Red Army's holding ninety percent of the Wehrmacht on the first front in Europe. The whole world now awaits the immediate climax that will bring victory without delay—the second front in Europe. Here is the best tribute we can pay our Soviet ally on the occasion of June 22.

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"Defeat of Germans at Moscow," painted by four Soviet artists: N. Malkov, P. Sokolov-Skala, V. Yakovlev, and P. Shukhmin. From the Moscow exhibition "Great Patriotic War."

WHAT WE SAW IN THE USSR

Three recent visitors relate some of their experiences at the front and in the rear. The courage and spirit of a nation in arms. What lies behind the high morale.

Mr. Cowles was until recently the Director of Domestic Operations of the Office of War Information. He accompanied Wendell Willkie on his famous globe-circling tour last fall.

WHAT I saw last fall in Russia would have impressed me at any time. To appreciate how deeply it impressed me, one must recall the expectations concerning Russia which last September I shared with a large body of Americans who considered themselves at least moderately well-informed.

I expected to find a people on the ropes, not from lack of fighting heart, but bled weak by the punishment it had taken. The Russians by that time had lost—dead, wounded, and missing—at least 5,000,000 soldiers. Fifty million—one-fourth of their civilians—were German captives. The richest, most productive areas were in ruin. It was obvious that the "second front" in Europe was still distant. The myth of Nazi invincibility was still a haunting reality.

What did I see?

I saw a people both resolved and able to fight through till victory. Their very losses motivated the Russian people. Their hatred of the Nazis is no trumped-up ideological thing. It is a personal presence with each soldier and civilian.

But the Russian spirit is far more than this. It is the conviction of purpose and destiny. The Russian people believe that theirs is the greatest country in the world, with the finest future. Freedom for the individual in our traditional political sense is a problem which Russia has not begun to solve, but in her evolution up to now I doubt that this has troubled any high percentage of her population. A Spanish publicist has written, "People do not come together and stay together merely to *be together;* they come together and stay together to *do something together.*" The Russian people as a whole are obviously far better off today than they were in czarist times. They know it. And they exult in that which they are doing together. What they have endured and done in this war makes them proud and full of joy—and eager to endure and do more.

Besides the military effort, which needs no comment from me, their resolution expresses itself in numerous ways. I shall mention only three.

FIRST, there is the unqualified effort which *industrial* Russia is making. In aircraft factories I found the workers putting in a sixty-six-hour standard week. (Against this compare the over-all average in the United States of about forty-five hours.) What are the incentives for this intensive effort? Well, undoubtedly patriotism is by far the largest. But this is supplemented by hope of economic reward. The workers in all industries have been shifted to a piece-work basis. They are paid according to the quality and amount of the work turned out. In one factory, at my request (I was given complete freedom to inquire and investigate), I was shown the "payroll." The ratio of the highest paid to the lowest paid worker was about 20 to 1. The more productive workers not only get more money; they also get extra rationing coupons, which means a good deal more, as we are beginning to learn. The interesting thing is that under a system devoted to collectivization and to the improvement of the physical lot of the proletariat, the worker responds to the most individualistic incentives and accepts the most extreme hours.

Second, the Russian revolution expresses itself in the truly inspiring partnership which exists between all kinds of Russian people—members of the scores and scores of different nationalities, sects, languages, the men, women, and children all make the invincible team. Forty percent of the workers in factories and probably a higher percent of the workers on farms are women. Women do sentry and auxiliary duty in the armed services. Boys and girls of twelve or fifteen perform some of the most intricate tasks on farms and in factories.

Finally—and in some ways the most impressive of all—the determination of the Russian people expresses itself in their in-

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creasing devotion to education. Stalin told us that in 1917 only ten percent of the Russian people were literate, and that today eighty percent certainly and ninety percent probably can read and write. Think of this change in twenty-five years to a people of 200,000,000 composed of nearly 200 different cultures and languages!

Not only *can* the people read, but they *do* read. The Lenin Memorial Library in Moscow, for example, with its 9,500,000 volumes, has fifty percent more volumes than the Library of Congress. Russia is being studded with libraries across her vast breadth. Small cities, like Yakutsk in Eastern Siberia, of 55,000 population and 500 miles from a railroad, has a library larger than most American cities four times its size. I was not surprised to read recently that throughout their long siege the citizens of Leningrad continued widely to patronize their city library—this while everyone was working and fighting for his life.

This appetite for knowledge and information convinced me that the Russian people are looking toward a future in which they can create and build, not destroy and obstruct. They see a vast job to do. They have witnessed a large part of their work of a generation, for which they have toiled and sacrificed, go up in the smoke and flames of war. This people longs for security from war. Stalin is building an intense nationalism in Russia and pride in her history going back centuries before the 1917 revolution. The theme of present-day Russian slogans is "Save the Fatherland."

In crossing Russia I saw no single bit of propaganda for world revolution. Stalin feels the survival and development of the Soviet Union no longer depend upon world revolution. He and his leaders and their people feel that their future now depends upon cooperation with the other nations of the world which, like the Soviet Union, have a new life to build and want peace in which to build it. This is, of course, the meaning of the recent dissolution of the Comintern.

I saw many pieces of evidence of this intention to cooperate with the rest of the world, particularly with the United States, when I was in Russia. I watch as eagerly for similar pieces of evidence in the United States since I have come back.

Gardner Cowles, Jr.

A NIGHT IN STALINGRAD

Walter Kerr, now back in this country, has been the Moscow correspondent for the New York "Herald Tribune."

After the Battle for Stalingrad, on the night following the surrender of the remnants of the German Sixth Army, I saw a column of troops moving to the west through the steppe country not far from the destroyed city. At first all I could see was a line of headlights stabbing the darkness where trucks bumped and rolled along, but as the lights came closer I began to make out men of the Red Army plodding over the ruts, stumbling, picking themselves up and plodding some more. It was thirty-nine degrees below zero, and to protect themselves from the cold and the wind that came from their backs these brown-clad men had thrown blankets over their shoulders and pulled the flaps of their sheepskin hats over their ears.

I stopped to watch them go and talked to them when they stopped to rest, and it seemed to me as I stood there in that great open country that if I could describe what I was seeing that night I would be able to explain to Americans thousands of miles away just exactly what it was that made the Red Army click.

I had been in Russia long enough to know that it was no miracle that the Russians had won the siege of Leningrad, the battle for Moscow, and the battle for Stalingrad. I knew that such victories were won by such constantly operating factors as strength of the rear, number and quality of divisions, armaments, the organizing ability of the commanding personnel and the morale of the army.

Many times I had written about the strength of the rear. If I did not write about the number and quality of the divisions, the armaments and the organizing ability of the commanding personnel, it was because the Russians are smart enough to let the Germans find out those things for themselves.

I knew that morale was high, but until that night on the steppes west of Stalingrad I had never been allowed close enough to the front to see what morale can really mean.

I wish you could have seen that column of trucks, guns, and marching men. It was the 51st Guards Rifle Division of Maj. Gen. Nikolai Tavartkeladze, the first division to break into Stalingrad and join forces with the besieged 13th Guards Rifle Division commanded by Maj. Gen. Alexander Rodimtsev.

Now that the battle for Stalingrad was over and the last of the German Sixth Army had been destroyed or captured, this division was moving to the west to engage once again the retreating German forces. Horses tugged at their traces and when a gun carriage was caught fast in the soft snow the men marching alongside put their shoulders to the wheels, grabbing the spokes with their hands as they dug their toes into the ground to push it along. It was hard going. The men would walk perhaps a hundred yards, then stop to catch their breath.

A truck would catch in a rut and the infantrymen, after good-naturedly calling out to the driver that he was a "durok," a "dumb bell," would walk over and push him out. A truck's radiator would freeze. The driver, in a manner that seemed to say that you have got to expect such things, would climb down, start a fire in a bucket and shove the flaming bucket under the radiator. As he waited for the fire to burn fiercely, men walking alongside would walk over to him and thrust their hands into the flames. A horse would fall, and three or four men would run over and literally pull him to his feet.

I never heard anyone shouting orders. Everyone seemed to know what he had to do. They were a friendly lot of men. Twenty-four hours before, they had been in action. Now they were just trying to move to the west, to get into the fight again, and if any man grumbled I did not hear him.

The column moved slowly along. It was not, I thought, the story-book version of a modern division on the march. It was not mechanized or particularly motorized. It was just a typical infantry division, a rifle division as it is called in the Red Army, and it had its horses and its wagons as any infantry division has to have in a Russian winter. And, believe it or not, some of the wagons were pulled by camels. Are they any good? Well, the soldiers told me, in wartime you use what you've got.

It took many hours for that division to go by, and later we went on into Stalingrad or into what was left of it. I am afraid that if I had not seen that division on the march I would never have understood just how the defenders of that city had held out as long as they had. Because the fact is that Germans really controlled most of Stalingrad toward the end. They controlled its few heights. They controlled a small part of the river. They controlled the main squares and the main buildings, or rather the few that were still standing.

As near as I could find out they controlled about everything except what they wanted to control—Stalingrad itself, meaning undisputed possession of the ruins. For they never could drive the Russians from the factory buildings near the river bank, and they never could drive them from the bluff that rises from fifty to 150 feet above the river.

That is where the Russians made their stand. And that is where nothing could help them if their morale failed for a few hours. That is where they would have been beaten into the cold waters of the Volga, where the Nazis boasted they would drive them, if every man had not believed he was in the best battalion, in the best regiment, in the best division in the best army in the world and if he had not believed that his home was worth dying for.

Walter Kerr.

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LIFE IN ARCHANGEL

Scotty Edwards, a member of the National Maritime Union, is among those courageous merchant seamen who have braved bombs and torpedoes to deliver the goods.

SIXTY miles off the Russian coast our ship blew up in our faces. A corvette scooped us out of the water soon after, and thawed us out with whiskey. But the bombers were still hanging around trying to get the corvette. We zigzagged to make them miss. The fireman came up out of the engine room, dressed in shorts and his watch cap and a little grease; he held his cap up to the diving bombers and said, "Put it there, you vultures."

The bomb missed us by a hundred yards. "Holy mackerel," the fireman said, "I thought your aim was better than that." Where the bomb had dropped, hundreds of dead fish rose to the surface and floated around with their white bellies upward.

We had plain sailing after that, with nothing to do but grow beards till we got to Archangel. We'd heard you had to have a beard in Russia, if you wanted to be in fashion.

Archangel looked to us like a town on a Christmas card. Snow on the ground, and the houses built of logs for the most part. They build them six inches off the ground to keep the damp from the floor. And the sidewalks are made of wood; all day you can hear the rattling echo of feet on them. But they have a park with air-raid shelters, and loudspeakers at each corner to warn of danger. They have a school and a hospital, and theaters and concert halls which are always crowded. There are a few modern apartment houses, but they had to stop building new ones when the war came, of course.

And there we were walking into the place with our bristling chins; and all the men shaved clean as a movie hero. A lot of them even shaved their heads. As a matter of fact, the barber shops were the only shops open every day. Somebody'd kidded us; it might have been those newspaper cartoonists.

SOMEONE in the foreign missions wanted to separate the officers from the unlicensed seamen, and quarter us boys in barracks on the outskirts of town. But the Soviet authorities wouldn't hear of it. They put us al lup in the school; the kids were having their vacation. Our officers had the same extra privilege as Soviet officers, though; they could eat in the Intourist dining room, for instance. But we all got the best of everything obtainable. We ate three meals a day, while the people of Archangel only got two, and we got potatoes and frequently reindeer meat. Most of that, though, went to the Red Army. The townspeople had voted to send all their fresh vegetables and the rest of their spare food to the fighting forces.

The townspeople lived on what poultry they could get, sausages, and black bread. Their staple diet, however, was smoked salmon. Everything we ate was planned so as to avoid scurvy, and we had women doctors to look after us. All the work we occasioned was done by women, and it was volunteer service; they did it after their regular working hours, and damn thoroughly too. There was a girl in charge of the dining room who spoke English well and did a lot to cheer us up, smoothing out all our difficulties. She had a teacher's degree, although she seemed hardly more than a kid. We found out that her husband and her child had been killed in an air raid on Leningrad.

The Russian soldiers cut down their own tobacco ration and gave us the surplus. The Rusians were rolling their own out of newspaper, but you never heard them complain about it.

The school children's vacation was extended, in order to let us go on living in the school. So the kids formed shock brigades and went off by themselves to an island to gather seabirds' eggs. The island also had wild game and seafowl. The children's camp was some distance from the nearest village, and the kids fed and housed themselves, hunting and fishing for most of their food. They crated the eggs, which were intended for the Red Army, and built a sort of icebox of bricks and earth to keep them fresh. The eggs were so big you had to use both hands to hold them. Some birds. Some kids.

All this time we wandered about the city, watching the people and sometimes going to theaters and concerts; American seamen could go in free, if they had no money. We were surprised for a while because the workers never seemed to dress up for shows. At first we thought they were poor. But later we realized that there just wasn't time. They were doing double duty at their regular jobs, and giving up their free time to voluntary war work. There wasn't time between sleep and work and entertainment for them to go home and dress up.

I had a pal named Freddie, and he was a fat guy. People would turn and grin at him in the street, and the girls giggled; you don't see many roly-polies in the Archangel streets. We went down to the water's edge, and smelled the salt and the damp wood of the wharf and the fish smell, and watched old women pulling in the logs that floated down the river. They used the logs for fuel, and driftwood, and it would burn green and rose with the salt in it. I patted Freddie on the belly and said "Melinki!" which means Baby, and the old women all laughed. After that we got talking to them; Freddie had learned [illegible] a bit of Russian. Like everybody else, [illegible] followed the war news in the papers eagerly. When we mentioned any of [illegible] leaders, their faces would brighten and they'd say "Chorosho!" That means "Swell!"

ONE time we heard explosions on the beach—louder than any bombing we'd been through at sea. We ran out and saw smoke beginning to rise from some of the roofs. The air raid sirens were bellowing, and a lot of the girls who'd had dates with our boys excused themselves and hurried away on those rattling sidewalks. They were air raid wardens! We saw them climbing up the walls on ladders to put out the fires.

But that was only an air raid drill! Two soldiers, a man and a woman, had been exploding sticks of dynamite on the beach, and they'd put smoke pots on the buildings to make it as like the real thing as possible. There were several of these drills. When an air raid did come, the people were ready for it.

The loudspeakers called out warnings. You could hear, all over the city, the rapid thudding of feet on those wooden sidewalks. It was a sharp, exciting noise, but the people weren't excited; they were just walking swiftly and calmly to the shelters. Afterward they asked for a hundred volunteers from among the foreign seamen to help fight the incendiary bombs, and several hundred responded.

We went into the burning houses, grabbed things we thought valuable, and started lowering them to safety. But the women said "No, no!" They didn't care about the wardrobes and the mirrors. They wanted us to save the samovars. Also the beds, the pots and pans, and the chairs. That was what they figured they'd need most, getting started again. Some of the older women would sit around for days, after they'd been bombed out, with tears drying slowly on their cheeks; but not the young ones. They didn't even think of sitting down; there was so much to do, a new home to organize and the war production and the voluntary work. This was no time to sit and mope.

THERE are a lot of things we like to remember about Russia, like the kid who kept things running smoothly for us, the kid who'd lost her husband and baby in Leningrad. Or the old women gathering logs, or the school children out on that wild island of theirs gathering eggs for the army. Or the Red Army men who gave us their tobacco and wouldn't take money. Even the snow underfoot and the hot steam baths we used to take. But I think it's most important to remember those young women after they were bombed out, starting right in again to work at winning the war.

SCOTTY EDWARDS.

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FATEFUL JUNE 22

Earl Browder tells why that day was a decisive turning point in the war. Basic political truths that lead to correct policies. Battling old myths and legends.

JUNE 22 marks two years since the Nazi hordes began their invasion of the Soviet Union. In these two fateful years the destiny of humanity lay in the hands of the Red Army, the Soviet peoples and their socialist system, and their leadership—first of all, Joseph Stalin. On the Eastern Front the tide of world affairs was at last, after years of threatening complete collapse of civilization, turned toward victory for the peoples—toward human culture and progress, toward democracy.

These are still in the United States formalistic thinkers, and reactionaries, who consider it a rebuke to accuse one of changing his attitude to the war on June 22, 1941. In the light of history it has become clear that those Americans to whom June 22 was not a decisive turning point were guilty of the most light-minded carelessness as to the fate of their own country. For the United States was drifting relentlessly into the world maelstrom without regard to the main condition for riding the storm to victory—the condition of having by our side, as an ally, the Soviet Union.

If we now have a clear perspective for victory in the war, this is due much more to Hitler's stupidity than to American wisdom. The prospect of victory is based, first of all, upon the mighty achievements of our Soviet ally, whose friendship we so cavalierly repulsed for years, whose might we so blindly underestimated, whose profoundly democratic and progressive contribution to world history we so childishly denied. Our country has indeed much to learn of the lessons of June 22, 1941. Those who still try to perpetuate the prejudices, which before June 22 took the place of thought, are doing an ill-service to their country.

There was not a moment since 1935, to go back no further, when the United States could not have won complete friendship and alliance with the Soviet Union for the preservation of world peace. All it required was a sincere demonstration of a friendly approach, based upon acceptance of the Soviet Union as an equal. We reached that relationship only after the eleventh hour, and the delay cost humanity dearly—a cost we will long be paying.

THAT mistake is still being perpetuated. It lingers, in the legend repeated *ad nauseam* in some of the most respectable newspapers, that before June 22, 1941, the Soviet Union was an ally of Nazism. That malicious slander is used to hide the great historic fact that it was the very existence of the Soviet Union, as a neutral, which saved the British Isles from Nazi invasion, a hundred times more than the moral and material support being given by the United States. This lie is used to obscure the truth, so vital to the United States, that it was the Soviet Union, by its very existence, which held back the Japanese militarists from striking at the United States until Dec. 7, 1941, after Hitler had invaded that country. It hides the fact, which we must understand for our own future safety, that the Soviet Union was always a power on our side, when neutral as well as when at war, and that invasion of the Soviet Union was the signal of inevitable invasion of the United States as well.

So long as the United States does not understand to the full this basic political truth, just so long we are not yet fully prepared for all the tasks required for victory. For it still remains true that correct policy, based upon knowing friends and not confusing them with enemies, is more important than armaments.

Our country is still in the first stages only of its alliance with the Soviet Union. We cannot deepen that alliance so long as our country is influenced by the Hitlerite lie that the Soviet Union was our enemy before June 22, 1941, and was only pushed onto our side by a sort of accident, and is therefore since June 22 only an adventitious friend. It is much closer to truth that the United States was only awakened to the historic necessity of that alliance, of which the Soviet Union was long conscious, by June 22 followed so quickly by December 7.

ALMOST all Americans are ready today to join in the universal glorification of the Red Army. That is good, so far as it goes. But more fundamental and more important for that victory which is still to be won, is to understand our great Soviet ally. We must understand how and why it was that the Soviet Union was our friend and protector in the Pacific, even when we were behaving in a most hostile manner and repeating the worst lies about our friend. We must understand how the Soviet Union was our greatest friend in Europe, and fighting our battles for us, even when we were helping Baron Mannerheim and slandering our friend with the epithet "Communazi." We must understand June 22, as marking the destruction of those old myths and legends, and opening our eyes to the truth, and not as the occasion for perpetuating Hitler's lies in a new form.

THIS is the central thought which comes to my mind on June 22, 1943, as the world marks two years of the Eastern Front. As American boys prepare to open the second front in Europe, let our nation prepare to deepen its alliance with the Soviet Union for the more severe battles to come.

EARL BROWDER.

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AMERICANS LOOK AT THE SOVIETS

Prominent figures in national life answer New Masses' questions on the USSR.

Earl B. Dickerson

(Former Assistant Attorney General of Illinois and now Alderman of the Second Ward of Chicago)

What have we to learn from the Soviet treatment of minority peoples?

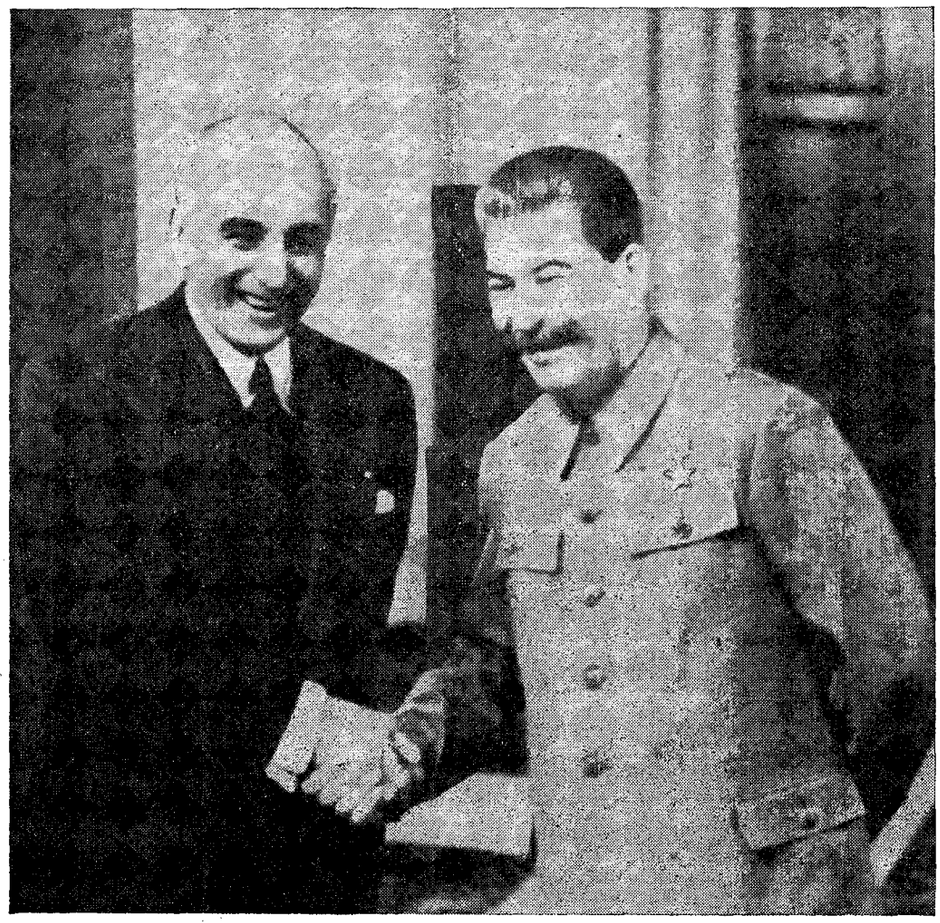
There is complete consistency between the theory of Soviet democracy and its practice. That harmony holds equally in the sphere of the state, politics, economics, social relations, and culture. Equal rights for citizens of the Soviet Union irrespective of their nationality or race, creed, or color is irrevocable law. That, I believe, is the key to the complete answer. This is a cornerstone of the Soviet Constitution. But the matter of equality of rights is not a constitutional question alone. There are fundamental economic factors involved which space limitations forbid that I touch. Our American Constitution extends theoretically the same equal rights to me, a Negro, as those enjoyed by the Soviet citizen. But between our theory and its translation into practice there is an alarming breakdown. In the roadway to equality of rights here in our country, there lie the institutions of the poll tax, the system of segregation and Jim-Crowism, peonage and sharecropping, and the varying forms of terror by which these institutions and systems are enforced.

True, the Soviet Constitution also holds, and ours does not, that any direct or indirect restriction of those rights, or conversely, the establishment of any direct or indirect privileges for citizens on account of race or nationality, as well as the propagation of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred or contempt, is punishable by law. That provision is a great asset. Freed from these fetters, the *whole* of the Soviet people can be and are mobilized.

We, by reason of the existence of slave remnants and other obstacles, have not been able to enforce a presidential order in the period of a great war manpower crisis prohibiting discrimination against men and women in our industry because of race, nationality, creed, or color. The efforts of a Fair Employment Practice Committee created to carry out the presidential order is made a laughing stock by every industrialist who cares to ignore it. Therefore, we are confronted with extreme difficulties of manpower mobilization.

We have not learned how to guarantee the working out of the democratic process. As Mr. Wallace, our Vice-President, so eloquently said recently, the Soviet Union has. Perhaps there are some basic maladjustments in our economic order! Be that as it may, this is a reality—equal rights do not exist here. The Soviets have found the secret of democracy, if we can call it a secret.

We must learn that lesson. It can be learned and applied, I believe, without bloodshed and violence, despite the presence of the Ku Klux Klan, White Camellias, and Coughlinites. We have to learn that democracy must operate for minority peoples as well as for majority peoples, for those who do not own our economic wealth as for those who do. If not, we face a future of grave unrest and social disturbances which may well wreck the nation and bring about our utter defeat. That is in brief the lesson, I believe.



Joseph E. Davies and Premier Stalin shake hands in the Kremlin (May 1943).

Corliss Lamont

(Chairman, National Council of American-Soviet Friendship)

Do you feel that the Soviet economic and political system in any way handicaps the fullest cooperation between Washington and Moscow during the war and the peace to follow?

Certainly the Soviet economic and political system as such is no handicap to harmonious American-Soviet relations. What is a handicap is the tendency among reactionaries and anti-Soviet diehards to create a disruptive issue out of Soviet Russia's social structure, which, of course, differs very much from that of the United States.

It is impossible for America to follow a sane and intelligent policy in foreign relations if it permits differences between its own social-economic system and that of other countries to act as a stumbling block to international cooperation. For our present American way of life is, to a greater or smaller extent, for better in some aspects, for worse in others, dissimilar to that of every other nation on earth.

In regard to the rest of the world, therefore, America should not pursue the undesirable and impossible task of everywhere insisting on a pattern of uniformity. In-

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stead the self-interest of our own country and the welfare of humanity demand that we cooperate with all nations willing to cooperate with us for the great ends of defeating the Axis and then bringing about international peace, collective security, flourishing world trade, and general disarmament. The Soviet Union sincerely shares with us these international aims, and that sharing points to further similarities between the American and Russian peoples in their basic spirit of friendliness and democracy, in their reliance on scientific technique, and in their ideal of continued human progress.

For those who have fears for the future of American capitalism, let it be said that non-cooperation with Russia will decide nothing about the relative merits of our social structure and that of socialism. That question will be settled by the ultimate strength, stability, and living standards of the two systems concerned. Actually no two nations in the world have so many or such excellent reasons for full cooperation as the USA and the USSR. Neither Russians nor Americans can afford to permit anything to hamper that cooperation either during this war or in the peace that will follow.

Sen. Elbert D. Thomas

(Member of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor)

What is your estimate of Soviet leadership?

When one thinks of the progress made by Russia in the last twenty years and the great social benefits that have come to the mass of her people, one must, although he may disagree with the fundamental theories of the leaders, grant to Soviet leadership great credit. Without that leadership the people could not have accomplished what they have.

It has always been a common statement of political scientists that the test of any constitution comes during wartime. Despite Russia's great losses of territory, of men and materials, she stands today undefeated. She is probably stronger than she has ever been. Could a constitution have a more severe test?

Especially remarkable of Russian leadership and the Russian people is the place gained by the youth and women in their society. In Russia the worth of an individual from an economic standpoint has never been discounted. This, we have always thought to be impossible under any kind of socialistic regime. Therefore, there must be in the Russian scheme an appreciation of the individual or else that individual could never have amounted to as much as he or she has under socialistic guidance. Does this not mean that leadership in Russia, while giving lip service to another type of political theory, has by action recognized the basic strength of democracy? Personally, I believe that that is the case, and that in the future when we make an estimate of Soviet leadership, we will see that it is based upon the finest of democratic principles, the cultivation and the development of the people by providing proper education, proper health, proper hospitalization, and proper social opportunities.

I cannot speak personally of any of the leaders of the Soviet regime. I do not know them. But if "by their fruits ye shall know them," we must call them true leaders of men.

Lion Feuchtwanger

(Novelist, author of the recently published "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble")

Do you believe that there is a functioning democracy in the Soviet Union?

For two decades the Soviet Union worked to create the material foundations of an ideal democracy Not until she had accomplished that task did she give her citizens a constitution. Even opponents of the Soviet Union admit that this constitution is the most democratic in the world. They assert, however, that many of its provisions have remained on paper.

It is true that not all of the clauses of the constitution have as yet been put into practice. But the basic ones operate; and effective precautions have been taken to guarantee a completely democratic superstructure upon these foundations.

Since her inception the Soviet Union has been engaged in open or hidden war. Her enemies—and they are many, powerful, and unscrupulous—have sought to attack her from without and disrupt her from within. Under such circumstances no nation in the world could have permitted her citizens to enjoy all the democratic liberties. But the enemies of the USSR assert that there is *no* democracy there.

It was therefore with great astonishment and joy that I saw in Moscow how the will of the individual expressed and manifested itself in daily life as well as in the organization of the whole. Soviet democracy is not a paper document, it is a living fact. It lives in the institutions of the state and in the souls of the individual Soviet citizens. Freedom from want, freedom from fear, and freedom from ignorance are no empty concepts in the USSR. They are goals which do not hover in the utopian distance, but are either attained or palpably near attainment.

To be sure, some sections of the great house of democracy have not yet been completed. But the fundamental institutions of democracy are there, firmly joined, more enduring than metal and, as this war has proved, indestructible. The foundations are there, the walls have been largely built. It is only a question of a short time before the finishing touches are given to the roof. The structure will then be complete, visible to all and irrefutable.

Sen. James E. Murray

(Member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs)

Why has the Red Army been fighting so well?

The Red Army knows what it is fighting for. It is defending its country, its

US trucks reach Russia via a Persian port. Master Sergeant McElvain (left) of the US Military Mission, talks with the Russian driver (right) through Russian interpreter Julia Chembareve. They are checking on technical points.

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people, its homes, and families from the most ruthless barbarians the world has ever known. Russians need no clever press agents or propagandists to tell them how inhuman and merciless the Nazi legions are. They have seen their western provinces devastated; they have seen their civilian population slaughtered by the tens of thousands; they have witnessed the invader sparing no women or children, the sick and the aged; they have seen their kinfolks driven by the hundreds of thousands into slavery under the whip of the inhuman German masters.

The Red Army has something to fight for—the better life which the Soviet government had managed to usher in between the years of 1929 (when the first five-year plan was inaugurated) and 1941, when the invaders came. It is fighting for the right to live in peace and to work out its problems in its own way. It is fighting to keep its own people and the peoples of other freedom-loving nations free from slavery under the murderous hand of the so-called "master race."

It is fighting with marked heroism and success because the leaders of the Russian people had the foresight and the courage to prepare for what seemed inevitable to all but the blind—the second world war. While the democracies were permitting themselves to be lulled to sleep by Nazi and fascist propaganda and wishful thinking, the Russian government kept pleading for collective security and at the same time preparing to meet with modern weapons the would-be enslavers of the world.

They are fighting for a just cause; they are fighting as an enlightened and progressive people with modern technique; they know that they have the wholehearted backing and support of our great democracy. They know that there can be one and only one outcome—complete victory for the United Nations and lasting peace for all mankind.

That is why they are fighting with unprecedented heroism, and that is why they have already earned the everlasting gratitude of all civilized peoples.

Arthur Upham Pope

(Director of the Iranian Institute and School for Asiatic Studies, and chairman of the Committee for National Morale)

What do you conceive to be the fundamental objectives of Soviet foreign policy and the place of the USSSR in the postwar world?

It seems certain that Soviet foreign policy will resume the classic line laid down by Litvinov, which aims at collective security. The western nations had ample opportunity to examine and act on this project but through prejudice and lack of imagination as well as courage, found the drift to disaster more "practical" than adopting vigorous measures to avert it. Perhaps we have learned a lesson. If collective security is impossible, Russia will certainly have bent every effort for maintaining peaceful relations with all nations with which it comes in contact. Russia needs to secure her borders and cannot possibly allow the small Baltic states, for example, ever again to be made use of by reactionary powers for aggressive purposes. Soviet Russia wants not only a free, strong, and independent Poland, but an independent and prosperous Turkey, Persia, and China; and will undoubtedly work toward these ends.

If these policies fail, Russia will build for herself the strongest possible defense and concern herself with the endless problem of the full development of her own colossal areas and resources.

Russia's original program for world revolution has gone for good. But her interest in peace and collective security will be as strong and stronger than ever. If Russia can prove that her brand of planned economy is efficient and valid, that will have some kind of influence in other countries. There is no reason to think that she will undertake to implement her views and hopes by any other than the usual conventional means or that she will be other than a bulwark to world peace.

Hitler's Luftwaffe did this. One of many such scenes on collective farms in the Soviet Union.

Rev. Eliot White

(Member of the clergy staff of Grace Episcopal Church, New York)

Do you believe that there is religious freedom in the USSR?

The writer believes that in the new Soviet Constitution adopted by 2,016 delegates from every part of the USSR, in November 1936, Article 124 honestly and without reservation assures religious freedom, as proved by deeds and actions modeled upon it everywhere throughout Russia. The article reads: "In order to ensure to citizens freedom of conscience, the church in the USSR shall be separated from the state, and the school from the church. Freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda shall be recognized for all citizens."

Since even the most hostile critics have failed to produce any evidence that this Article is disregarded or even curtailed anywhere in the USSR, belief is confirmed that genuine religious freedom blesses that wide domain.

Also, as a citizen of the United States, I wish that the following decree, in Article 123 of the Soviet Constitution, might become an honored part of our own: "Any propagation of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred and contempt, shall be punished by law." For at present, as an element of true religion, this is, to certain conditions in the United States, both a needed rebuke and a high example.

Furthermore, the great help rendered to the Soviet government during the German fascist invasion, by both public prayers and generous money gifts from Russian church leaders and their people, has emphasized not only the reality of religious freedom in the USSR, but also heartfelt appreciation of it. And the responses to such loyalty from the government leaders have been equally impressive.

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Finally, that the churches far and wide, are thronged with worshipers, especially on the great feast-days, notably including members of the armed forces and other young citizens, with nowhere any interference or disfavor, is surely confirmation not only of religious freedom but also of untrammeled enjoyment of that privilege.

Upton Sinclair

(Novelist, Pulitzer Prize Winner)

What do you feel is needed to bring about stronger cultural ties between the American and Russian peoples?

I will venture a suggestion for the promotion of cultural ties between our country and the Soviet Union. The idea occurs to me because of the many letters I have received from readers of my books in the Soviet Union. I have not been able to make more than a brief reply to such letters, but it occurs to me that persons in this country who are interested in the Soviet Union might organize a society for the purpose of promoting correspondence between individuals having mutual interests and tastes in the two countries. Workers in America would be interested to hear from workers in the same line in the Soviet Union, and vice versa. Particularly, I would think that Americans who have read books by Russian writers might be interested to correspond with Russians who have read American books. They might read the same books and exchange their criticisms, and their different points of view would be highly illuminating. If a society in the United States were to cause to be published in papers of the Soviet Union an offer to put Soviet correspondents into touch with Americans interested in hearing from them, it ought to bring a flood of letters from the Soviet Union, and such letters would be circulated widely among groups of friends over here. They might even be found of interest by local newspapers, and in one way or another many Americans would come to understand how Russians are living these days, and what they are thinking about the struggle in which we are all so deeply involved.

Earl Robinson

(Composer of "Ballad for Americans")

The problem is basically one of getting to know each other better. During the twenty-four years following the Soviet revolution in 1917, this was rendered extraordinarily difficult. The great majority of organs of American public opinion and information, i.e. newspapers, magazines, radio, movies, etc., have been either openly hostile and often slanderous to the Soviet government and people or at best have been very quiet about anything good coming out of that "mysterious" country.

For their part the Russian people and their government have shown as often as they could their admiration for many things American. The importing at high salaries of thousands of American engineers and technicians to help them build their heavy industry, the overwhelming reception given artists such as Paul Robeson and the films of Charlie Chaplin, the printing of editions running into hundreds of thousands of the books of Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Walt Whitman, and John Steinbeck, to mention only a few—these are indications that our cultural ties could have been much stronger had they been given a chance.

Well, now this chance has come about, in spite of the Soviet-haters and professional Red-baiters, whereby the peoples of our two countries can learn to know each other personally, culturally, and in all ways. Fighting a people's war side by side against the most dangerous enemy civilized man and progress have ever had to face, has made possible many things.

A great Soviet composer, Shostakovich, writes his Seventh Symphony under fire in besieged Leningrad and it is performed in New York a few months later with a whole nation listening and applauding. And for the first time, many begin to understand that this great ally of ours has not only fighting ability but a lot besides.

Then our own Hollywood begins to react to the situation and turns out a fine film which presents the simple dramatic and exciting truth about Russia. And a print of this film, which brushes away a hundred lies and immeasurably helps Americans to understand the Soviet Union and its people better, is packed in Joseph Davies' suitcase and taken with him on his second Mission to Moscow to be shown to Mr. Stalin and the Russian people. And the report is that they are very human and they like it.

Well, these two instances indicate the direction to be taken in order for us to get to know each other better. Such instances must be multiplied a thousandfold. Every new manifestation of friendship and understanding of the Soviet Union, whether in a newspaper or magazine article, a concert, a movie, a radio broadcast, a play, or a government pronunciamento should be supported by the people and their organizations. And conversely, while welcoming honest criticism and full public discussion—unprincipled attacks and the spreading of lies and slander about our Soviet ally have to be vigorously combated and exposed for what they are—playing the fascist game and attempting to split the grand alliance of the United Nations.

Further than this, however, we must boldly plan both small- and large-scale cultural events which will help the American people to better understand the Russian people and what they are doing. There has been talk of a Soviet-American film festival in which an entire week would be spent seeing and discussing the best of Russian and American films of the last twenty years. Participating in this would be leading Hollywood producers, writers, actors, and musicians. And every attempt would be made to get men like Eisenstein, Dovzhenko, and other famous Soviet film artists to participate.

Similar festivals in art, theater, and music should be organized. In music, for instance, the average American knows of Shostakovich and vaguely of Prokofieff. There are dozens of fine Russian composers with equal talents, men such as Dzerzhinsky, Knipper and others, writers of songs and symphonies, whose names are bywords in Soviet households. We simply never hear of them and are being deprived of the opportunity of hearing their works. The converse is undoubtedly true also with regard to American composers' works in the Soviet Union.

This cultural estrangement must be and can be broken down. A program of inter-allied cultural transfer would not only be "nice" and the "right thing to do." It is a necessity.

Joseph Curran

(President, National Maritime Union)

What in your estimation is the labor movement's responsibility in developing Soviet-American friendship?

The labor movement has a special responsibility in developing Soviet-American friendship. As the strongest organized force within our country, labor can play probably the most important part in achieving the necessary trust, understanding, and collaboration without which there can be no lasting peace.

I believe that the people of both the United States and the Soviet Union want that collaboration. I believe the rulers of both governments want it. I believe the only opposition comes from the defeatists, appeasers, and "nationalists" in our country whose antagonism toward our Soviet Ally is deep-rooted and if allowed to prevail, would be disastrous to our welfare.

The labor movement can successfully combat that opposition through the medium of international labor unity and through the exchange of workers' delegations. In this way friendship and lasting good will can be developed. Through political action opposing all enemies of the postwar unity of the United Nations, we can, at the polls, purge those politicians whose short-sightedness would jeopardize a lasting peace. Through the trade union press and education departments we can offset to a large degree the falsehoods and distortions by our sixth column publishers about the Soviet Union.

These things can be achieved through a progressive labor leadership and through progressive rank and file action. These are labor's tasks. They should be attended to immediately.

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EASTERN FRONT: TWO YEARS

Capt. Sergei Kournakoff describes the unique elements of Soviet strategy which broke the blitz and forced back the advancing invaders. . . . The "miracles" of close combat.

Captain Kournakoff, formerly an officer in the czarist army, is the author of the widely read "Russia's Fighting Forces."

THE stupendous task of studying the history and lessons of the gigantic struggle between the armed forces of Axis Europe and the Soviet Union will fall to several generations of students in the war colleges and general staff academies. Shelves of volumes will be written. Hundreds of tons of documents will be minutely analyzed. Such a study can be attempted only after the war is over, when all the data now unpublished for reasons of security are made available to the student.

So it is quite impossible now to set down on paper anything like an outline of the first two years of the German-Soviet war. Furthermore, this article is being written at a moment when great events may occur on the Eastern Front at any hour, creating an unexpected finale to the second year.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of utter inadequacy that I set out on a task requiring a Xenophon, a Julius Caesar, or a Clausewitz, and demanding a hundred times more space than is available here.

THE German-Soviet armed conflict has brought out a wealth of new forms in strategy, operations, armament and, hence, in tactics. Most military theorists will argue that there is little new under the strategic sun. They may be right in their own way and that is why I used the phrase "new forms" instead of "new strategy." Let us hope it will pacify them.

It has always been the principle of the strategy of annihilation to strike at the heart of the enemy's armed might; but the strategy of the lightning war, or blitz, had to wait on the perfecting of the internal combustion engine to enable the blitz-forces to carry through to the heart of the enemy before the latter could mobilize. Neither man nor horse was quick enough for that. Shock-and-fire power had to ride on motored wheels and tracks, covered with armor and preceded by still faster and accurate artillery. Thus was born the tank and dive bomber team, the foundation of the blitz.

The blitz stabbed into the Soviet Union in the summer of 1941 to the tune of roughly 600 miles on a 1000-mile front. In the winter of 1941-42 it retreated 250 miles on a 400-mile front. It stabbed again in the summer of 1942 to the depth of 340 miles on a 500-mile front and retreated that much and even a little more in the winter of 1942-43. In terms of territory the German's winter losses during the first year of the war equalled about one-sixth of their previous gains. During the second winter they lost slightly more than they had gained in the second summer.

The four swings of the military pendulum are proof in themselves that the blitz as such is no more. It was mortally wounded way back in July 1941 on the battlefields of Yelnya and Yartsevo, for it could not stab through to the heart, i.e., to Moscow. The one-blow war was a failure. True, blitz *operations*, such as the march through the Ukraine in August 1941 and the march through the Don valley in July 1942, did take place, inasmuch as panzer and motorized divisions moved quickly and covered a lot of ground. But the essential *ultima ratio* of the blitz was absent: the dagger never reached the heart and, therefore, never caused paralysis and collapse. Moscow, Leningrad, Tula, Voronezh, Stalingrad stopped it, blunted it, pushed it back.

Let us not forget, especially when comparing Russia's effort in the first world war and in this one, that the general situation is entirely different now from what it was in 1914-17. In the first world war there was never more than one-half the German army concentrated on the Eastern Front—for there was a Western European Front then. Furthermore, in the Far East Russia was free to move her troops to the west because there was no Japanese threat—on the contrary, Japan helped out, for instance, with hundreds of thousands of rifles for the Russian Army. Finally, Germany did not then possess the human and material resources of all Europe as she does now. It can be said that the Russian Army in 1914-17 had to carry a load that was only a third of what the Red Army must carry now. Yet to those disadvantages in the present war we must add the element of initial surprise, and the greatly increased length of the Eastern Front due to the presence of Rumania and Finland in the fascist camp. Yet under such conditions the Soviet people dealt a death blow to the hitherto invincible blitz.

WHAT were the fundamental elements of the strategy which accomplished this? The first was the element of depth. The defense was not limited to a narrow zone at the front. It covered the Soviet rear with the defense of the people-in-arms. It covered the enemy rear with the defense of the guerrilla army. The Red Army fought thus between two "extensions." Geographical depth was used to withdraw the bulk of the Red Army from under the hammer blows of the Wehrmacht, while continuing to fight facing the enemy, reducing the latter's manpower and materiel while his lines of communications became longer and longer. Economic depth frustrated the enemy's intention to seize the resources of the Soviet Union: reserve centers of resources and production were established in the deep rear.

Thirteen-year-old Guerrilla Misha has killed four of the invaders of his country.

Social depth made possible, among other things, the removal of the industries to the rear and putting into effect the scorched earth policy. Moral spiritual depth enabled the country to lose more than any other country had ever lost and still fight on, with its strength increasing.

The second element in Soviet strategy was a direct corollary of the first: the unprecedented defense of the great cities. Such cities for years had been considered encumbrances to a defending army, which usually avoided them like poison. This was mainly due to the fact that the civilian population invariably made a nuisance of itself and hindered the operations of the army. In the Soviet Union the cities stood like great rocks against which the waves of the Wehrmacht broke. Verdun was a field fortress supplemented by positions, which

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simply bore the name of the town near which it was built; Leningrad, Tula, Odessa, Sevastopol, Voronezh, and Stalingrad were cities which fought back through their windows, doorways, from their streets and houses, from behind the piles of rubble into which they were wholly or partially transformed. Instead of hindering the army the population helped, arms in hand. Some of these cities fought until they were nothing but a glorious name over a wilderness of broken masonry and twisted girders. Early in the war their defense brought into the picture a fundamental tactical factor in the successful Soviet resistance—close combat.

Close combat, often culminating in hand-to-hand fighting, is the modern expression of the traditional Russian penchant for the bayonet and the sabre. While these two weapons are often used on the Soviet Front, the Red Army man of today has a whole string of other weapons for close-combat. In this he is no exception—others have them too. However, the Red Army was the first to come out and fight a tank at close quarters on a mass scale. The anti-tank rifle is a close-combat weapon because it is most effective at ranges that reveal every detail of the onrushing tank. The hand-grenade, the bottle of inflammable liquid, the land mine hurled like an acient disk are the next stages of close combat with tanks, culminating in the supreme attack by a man who hangs a dozen grenades on his belt and hurls himself under the caterpillars.

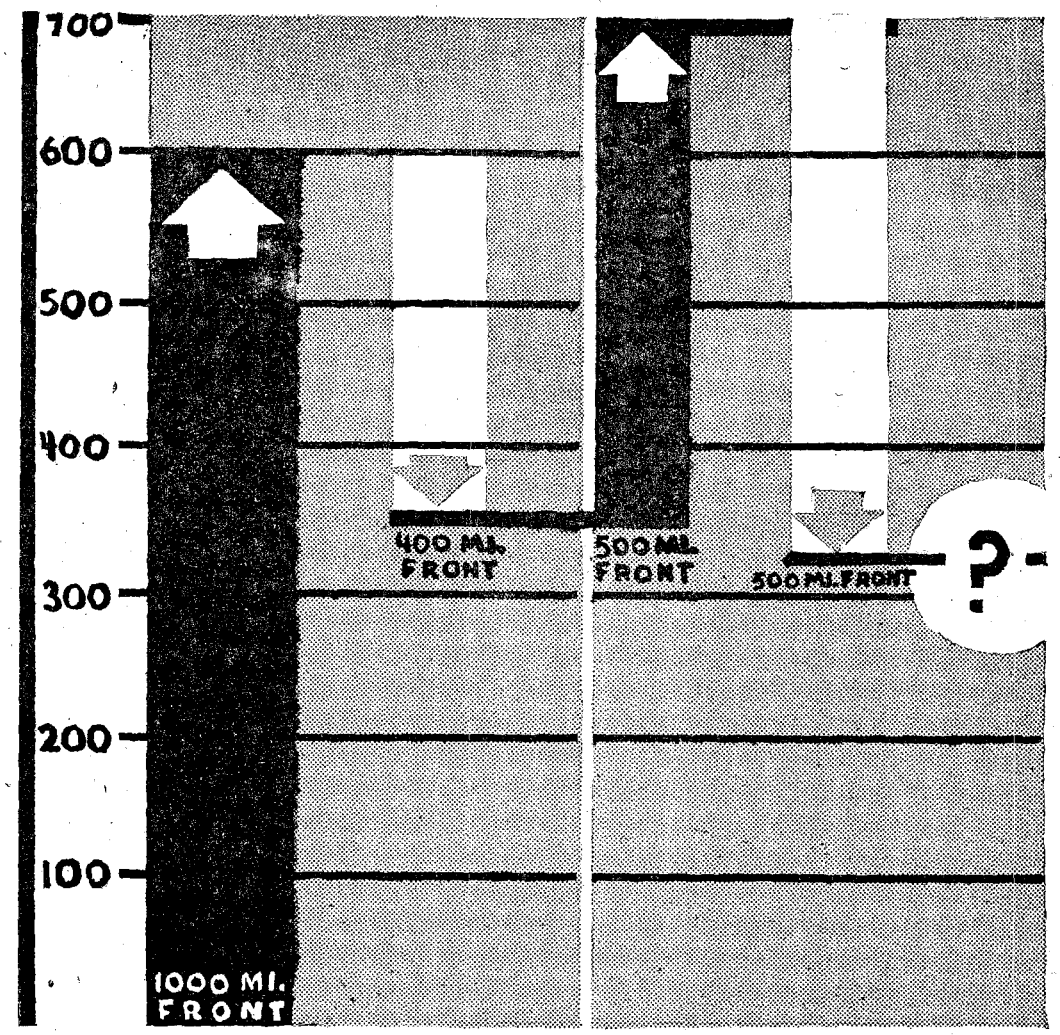
Supplemented by anti-tank artillery, tank obstacles, and the Soviet anti-tank plane, the close-combat forms the basis of Soviet anti-tank defense. One might say there is nothing here that others have not done. Certainly the Germans have done it time and again. However, the miracle is not in the fact itself, but in its infinite multiplication, in the ability of the Soviet Command to find enough men capable of going out to fight a tank single-handed, to saturate all units at the front with detachments of tank-destroyers—and more, to be able to rely on ordinary infantry to act as tank destroyers when necessary.

The same readiness to wage close combat is expressed in the renascence of cavalry en masse in the Red Army and in the frequency of cavalry charges with blood drawn by sabres. It is manifested by the habitual appearance of Soviet artillery in unconcealed positions, firing over open sights. In the air, close combat finds its supreme expression in the tactic of ramming enemy planes with one's propeller, wing, or under-carriage, so far exclusively practiced by Soviet fliers.

Another entirely new factor that emerged during the Soviet-German war, and is difficult to classify under either strategy or tactics, is the appearance of what I like to call "regular guerrillas"—which is a paradoxical term only at first glance. The Soviet guerrillas of 1941-43 are fundamentally different from those spontaneous fighters which won their name in Spain generations ago and which had counterparts in many countries at various times. For the Soviet guerrillas were *pre*-organized in peace time. They were armed and trained, their nuclei centering mostly around collective farms which, at least in the western regions of the Soviet Union, were transformed into miniature military bases. Their leaders in most cases did not emerge spontaneously, either. They were pre-ordained, so to speak, and in most cases consisted of either local Communist Party leaders or collective-farm presidents. These guerrillas are "regulars" because they are imbued with a discipline which is not even second to that of the Red Army; they are armed with up-to-date weapons (sometimes including tanks); they are in constant touch with the Red Army by wireless and plane. Finally—and this is something new—they have a central staff directing their activities from behind the front, working in close touch with the High Command of the Red Army and coordinating their movements with the general plan of operations. There is nothing haphazard or opportunistic about the operations of the Soviet guerrillas. They are, in turn, the scouts, the secret agents, the deep-rear raiders, the pivot of maneuver, and sometimes even the tactical reserve of the Red Army.

As far as new weapons are concerned, Soviet army engineers and designers developed the anti-tank rifle, the famous rocket-shooting "Katyusha" (which seems to have acquired an American cousin in the "Bazooka"), several types of new planes, such as the "tank-plane" and the "anti-tank plane," and other things about which only rumors are circulating.

The synthesis of these new developments in the war is expressed in the demise of the blitz. SERGEI KOURNAKOFF.



The first German offensive (big black column) pushed an average of 600 miles on a front of 1,000 miles (territory conquered—600,000 square miles).

The first Soviet counter-offensive (first white column) pushed about 250 miles on a front of 400 miles (territory reconquered—100,000 square miles).

The second German offensive (small black column) pushed an average of 340 miles on a 500-mile front (territory conquered—about 170,000 square miles).

The second Soviet counter-offensive (second white column) pushed on an average of 370 miles on a front of 500 miles (territory reconquered—185,000 square miles.)

Thus the German offensive amplitude decreased almost fourfold while the Soviet offensive amplitude almost doubled during the second year.

Maximum territory conquered by Germans was about 670,000 square miles in November 1942. Now it has been reduced to about 485,000 square miles.

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Under fire, Senior Nurse Nina Kuranova aids a wounded Red Army man on the Leningrad front. She holds a medal for valor.

RED MEDICINE IN WARTIME

The Soviets hold the world record in the percentage of wounded soldiers saved from death. Dr. John A. Kingsbury tells how they do it. A story that goes back to peacetime.

Dr. Kingsbury is an Associate Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine and was formerly the director of the Milbank Memorial Fund.

WHAT the Soviet Union has accomplished in the short space of twenty-five years is the most comprehensive health program anywhere in the world. This may sound fantastic. Nevertheless it is true with respect to the promotion of positive health, including recreation, physical education, and mass health education; it is true as to prevention of disease and health protection, including not only health measures designed to prevent and control epidemics, contagious and communicable diseases, but also as to the promotion of industrial hygiene and sanitation; it is equally true with respect to facilities for the diagnosis and treatment of disease, including polyclinics (health centers), special clinics for tuberculosis and venereal disease, and institutes for the protection of motherhood and childhood; it is true of facilities for general medical care: hospitals, general and special; and institutions for the treatment and care of mental disease.

The Soviet Public Health Service has established great institutes for medical research similar to the Rockefeller Institute, but coordinated with clinics and hospitals maintained, of course, by the state. These research institutes have increased in the past twenty-five years from a half dozen to almost 200. Moreover, the vast public health organization of the Soviet Union embraces the great medical colleges from which thousands of students are graduated annually—medical colleges similar to those in the United States maintained by private endowments or by state universities, but having no organic connections with the public health services. During the past quarter-century, while building giant power plants, huge industries, a mighty army, the Soviet Union has also built an immense public health and medical service to function in peace and war.

ALL I have been saying thus far is very general and applies primarily to the civilian population in peacetime. It is based in part on personal study and observation of the public health and medical services, made ten years ago in the distinguished company of Sir Arthur Newsholme, former Principal Medical Officer of England and Wales—an investigator and student of public health problems of unrivaled qualifications. Ten years is a long time in the Soviet Union, but since then I have kept quite closely in touch with developments in Soviet medicine. With astonishing regularity, even since the Nazi attack on Soviet Russia, I have been the grateful recipient of a continuous flow of scientific papers and reports from the Commissariat of Public Health and the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. I have checked my information against a recent excellent report entitled "Soviet War-Time Medicine," prepared by Leo Gruliow, Research Director for Russian War Relief Inc. Upon this report I have drawn freely in the preparation of my article.

The organization and administration of Soviet wartime medicine, as disclosed in the Russian War Relief report, is even more extraordinary than the remarkable peacetime medical service. The training of doctors has been speeded up and their number greatly augmented since the Nazi attack; institutes for medical research have been expanded, rising to the demand for life-saving discoveries; medical and surgical facilities for protection and treatment both of soldiers and civilians have been improved and multiplied. By the time of the German attack, a unified system of medical and surgical administration had been worked out down to approved procedure of minor injuries. "All of these," says Dr. Yefim I. Smirnov, chief of the Red Army Medical Service Administration, "de-

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Chief Surgeon of the Red Army, Nikolai Burdenko

manded tremendous preparatory effort in working out a unified conception of the origin and development of the diseased condition, a common view on the prophylaxis and treatment of the wounded and sick in all stages of their evacuation from the front, as well as unified principles of surgery and therapeutic practice in the field." While in peacetime, variety of methods and practices is inevitable and desirable, in wartime such "variety is impossible in the army and in front areas where the wounded are evacuated through successive stages and treated by many doctors and in many hospitals." This unified system calls for the most meticulous organization and efficient administration, accurate documentation and records, and an increasing number of well trained physicians and surgeons.

Soviet Medical Colleges have been expanded from thirteen in 1914 to seventy-two in 1939. In the same period the number of doctors has increased from 20,000 in the whole country to over 160,000—an eightfold increase, and the rate of increase has been even greater since the Nazi attack. Before the attack 10,000 doctors graduated annually; during the first sixteen months of the war, according to Health Commissioner George A. Miterov, 42,000 have been graduated. The class of May 1943 numbered 24,000 compared with 6,500 graduated in the United States in the year 1942, but the United States still has 20,000 more doctors serving a population scarcely two-thirds as great as the Soviet Union.

The Red Army Medical Service begins its operation under fire and immediately behind the lines. Dr. Smirnov reports: "During the first world war stretcher-bearers as a rule set out to pick up the wounded after heavy action was over, usually at night. The result was that many wounded died after lying on the field six or eight hours without assistance—died not of their wounds but of loss of blood or the rapid spread of infection. . . . In the Red Army a strict rule has prevailed since the first day of the war: the wounded are carried off the battlefield immediately regardless of enemy fire. More than sixty per cent of the wounded are given surgical attention in the frontline zone before being evacuated to a hospital or ambulance station a few miles behind the front lines." We are told that medical orderlies work singly, crawling across the fields while fighting is going on and retrieving the wounded on their backs. Nearly all the soldier-toting orderlies are young women —"Russian women are brawny! The soldiers call them their frontline girl friends. A girl who totes forty casualties from the battlefield is awarded the Order of the Red Banner—provided she also brings in their guns or machine guns."

Field nurses remove the wounded from the battlefield to the Battalion Medical Point, located within a mile of the front lines, where first aid is given, after which the wounded are removed to the Regimental Medical Point situated within three miles from the scene of engagement. At this second stage, the wounded are given detailed medical attention: checking hemorrhage, counteracting shock, injecting preventive serum, and immobilizing injured extremities. The third stage is the Divisional Medical Point, three and a half to six miles behind the advanced fighting lines where preventive work is completed: blood transfusions are given, casts applied —but only the most urgent surgical operations are performed. Except for pressing cases, surgical operations are performed at one of two later stages. More serious wounds and injuries to the nervous system, major injuries to eyes, ears, jaws, or limbs are operated upon at specialized field hospitals. For further treatment, the wounded are assembled at evacuation points for distribution among evacuation hospitals. "All surgical operations, no matter how difficult or complicated, are feasible in field conditions in such a center," writes Dr. Smirnov. Airplane ambulances provide a short cut from the primary field units to the specialized hospitals and from evacuation clearing points to base hospitals. For shorter trips in various stages of treatment, ordinary ambulances are used (often heated, because of frost), and, in winter, dog sleds and propeller sledges are used. To complete the picture as presented in the report of the Russian War Relief, it is added that hospitals for contagious diseases are situated in areas where reserve troops are being trained; in the rear, and at troop concentration points.

It follows from what has been said that there must be effective unification of practices. In mobile warfare where "there is no front, and the front is everywhere," where a wounded man may be bandaged at one medical field unit, sent on to another for evacuation by plane, removed to a hospital for operation, or to a sanitorium in the rear for recuperation, treatment must be coordinated at all stages. The wounded man's record must be carried on him to the various hospitals to which he is moved in order to tell the receiving doctor at a glance everything necessary concerning the soldier's condition, his various treatments and care.

Russian casualties in the present conflict are estimated at 5,000,000 men. About 3,000,000 of these have been wounded, presenting perhaps the biggest problem confronted by military medicine. Specialists in various fields of medicine work near

Soviet Cartoonist A. Bazhenov

"They're lunatics, specially selected for psychological attack."

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the front, reducing the death rate of wounded soldiers to 1.5 percent, which is said to be a world record. When American surgeons saved ninety-six percent of wounded at Pearl Harbor, they set a record figure for such work. The Russian figure on the front, where millions of men are fighting, is 98.5 percent. Moreover, according to Dr. Smirnov, seventy percent of the wounded have been returned to the ranks to fight; another ten percent, still under treatment, are expected to return to service soon.

Furthermore, therapeutic hospitals, or therapeutic departments at field hospitals headed by highly qualified specialists, may be found on every sector of the front. The importance of such service for an army may be gleaned by recalling the history of military medicine. All past wars have been accompanied by a sudden spread of disease and ailments inflicting serious losses by putting a large number of men out of service and accounting for many lives. By setting up a therapeutic service in the Red Army and placing a specialist at its head in each branch of the army, the Soviets have avoided the hit or miss distribution of patients in hospitals, separated them from the general mass of the wounded and provided them with special treatment in accordance with a system they have worked out, based on the latest developments in modern medicine.

The arsenal of therapeutic weapons at the disposal of the Red Army medical service has grown astonishingly in recent times. Never before has blood transfusion been applied on so wide a scale in the treatment of internal disorders, particularly purulent lung ailments, ulcer of the stomach, and rheumatism in which previously it was employed very little or not at all. Use is made of blood donated on the spot and of preserved blood.

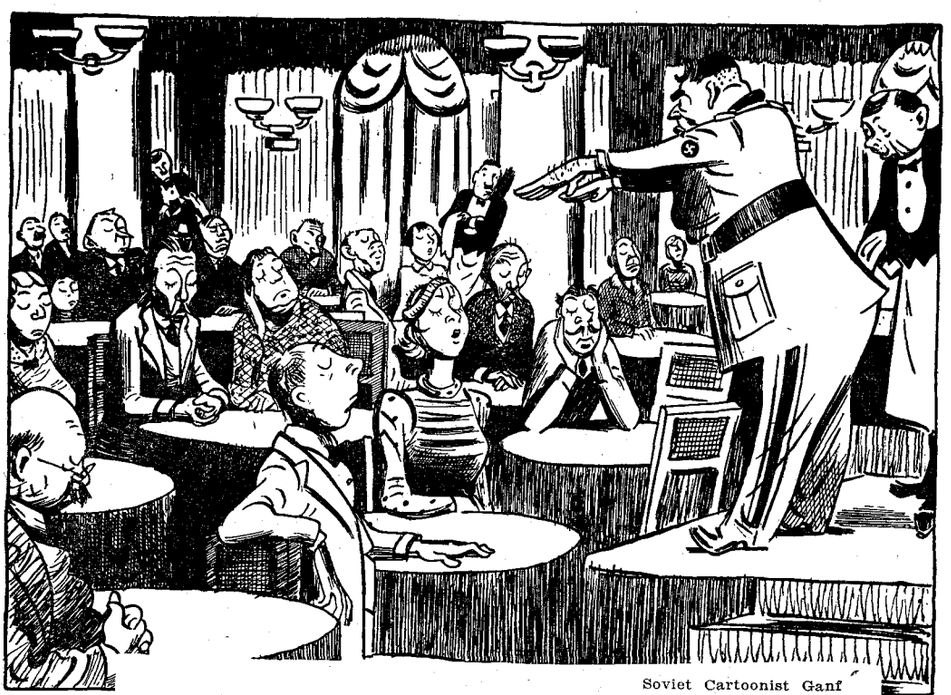
Long before the outbreak of the war, blood transfusion was a subject of intensive research in the Soviet Union and had found wide application as a therapeutic method in medical institutions. The method of preserving blood was evolved in the Soviet Union more than a decade ago and was considerably perfected in the last few years preceding the war. At present, the glucose-citrate method, which makes it possible to store blood for a protracted period of time, is the chief one employed in the Soviet Union. During the past year the war blood-transfusion institutes and stations, staffed by a highly skilled medical personnel, have been extended in a perfect network all along the two-thousand-mile front of the Red Army.

WITH each passing day, blood transfusion is finding ever a greater application in the treatment of the wounded. To illustrate, take one little incident from the vast battle, which the Russian War Relief report states can be multiplied thousands of times daily on the Russian front, where the amount of blood transfused each month is measured in tons: This was one of those emergency cases, calling for immediate transfusion of blood right in the firing line. The girl medical orderly, who had crawled painfully across the littered battlefield, from tree stump to foxhole, with bullets whizzing by her—all to get this wounded man—realized it would do no good to crawl back with him. He would be dead before she reached the medical unit, dead of shock or loss of blood, or both. Only immediate blood transfusion would help. There was no time for carrying him to safety, then heating and going through the numerous other manipulations that go with application of the preserved blood of donors. Dragging, pulling, and carrying the inert body, the girl orderly maneuvered the wounded man into the comparative safety of a foxhole. Crouching down, she reached for her trench packet. In it lay a Seltsovsky ampule, provided with a sterilized rubber tube, needle and filter. It was filled with 200 cc. of blood of the so-called zero group, "universal" blood. A few minutes later, watching the color begin to creep back into the wounded man's pale cheeks, noting his more even breathing and the return of a rhythmic pulse, the nurse wiped the perspiration from her brow and sighed with relief.

Russian experience shows how technical innovations in warfare have changed the military surgeon's problems. Dr. Nikolai N. Burdenko, chief surgeon of the Red Army, says, "The percentage of bullet wounds is comparatively small; most casualties are now due to bombing, mortar, and grenades." Whereas in the last world war fifty percent of wounds were caused by shrapnel, today ninety-five percent fall in that category. Next to wounds of the arms and legs the largest group in major wounds involves the skull and brain. Mortality from brain wounds in the last war was thirty-five percent in Russia, now it is about five percent. According to Deputy Health Commissar S. Milovidov deaths from stomach wounds have dropped thirty-three percent; head, jaw, and thorax wounds, fifty percent; spinal column wounds, eighty percent.

One of the most striking and promising discoveries in the field of medicine during this war has been made at the Neurological Clinic of the Institute of Experimental Medicine in Moscow directed by Prof. N. I. Propper-Grashchenkov. Ninety patients with brain injuries were operated on in the period between Dec. 15, 1941, and March 25, 1942—seventy of whom had abscesses of the brain. The majority of all these operations was successful. The lives of the patients were saved, thanks to the application of anti-gangrene serum. These forms of gas infection in skull-brain wounds have not as yet been described in literature, and not infrequently doctors encountering them diagnose the cases as meningitis and most of them heretofore have died. Dr. Hugh Cabot, the famous Boston surgeon, formerly of the Mayo Clinic, is quoted as saying: "We are still wondering whether we can get a vaccine for gas gangrene . . . but [the Russians] have the vaccine and they have reduced the fatality rates to about one and a half percent as against fifty percent in the last war." A thorough study of the problem presents the possibility of saving many lives and returning to active service, or at least to useful labor, many patients who, in previous wars, were inevitably doomed.

PLASTIC surgery is making more and more use of tissues taken from cadavers. Prof. A. S. Vishnevsky, Director of the Surgical Department of the Neuro-



Soviet Cartoonist Ganf

Experiments in Hypnotism: "You have just had some soup. You are now tackling a savoury beefsteak. You are washing it down with Munich beer. You are satisfied. Waiter, bill."

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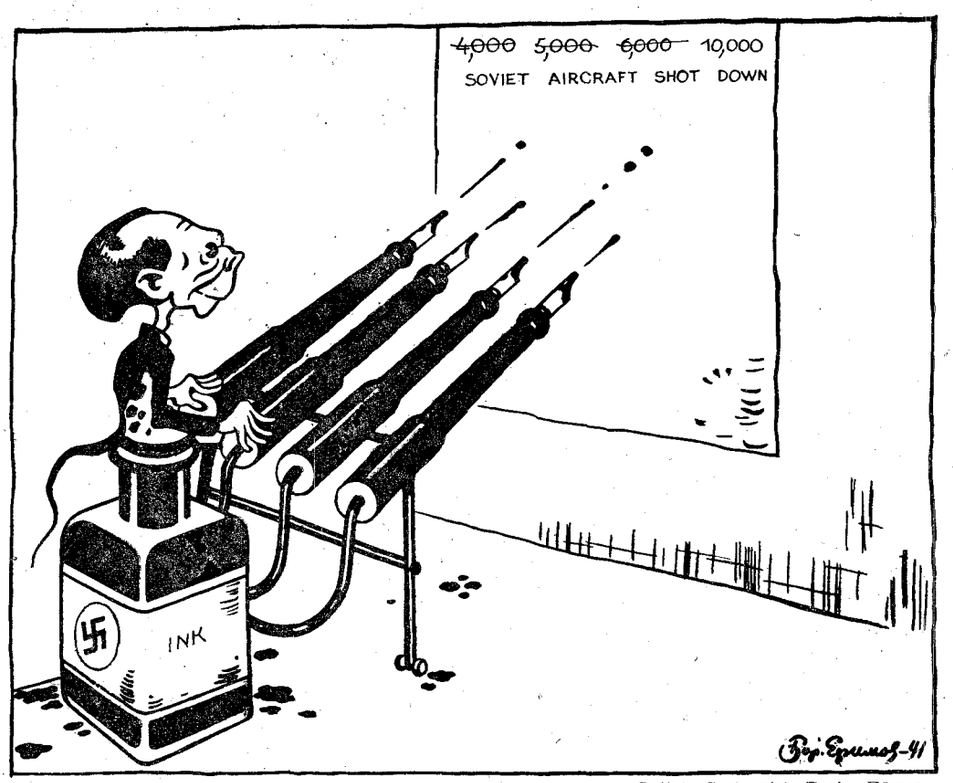

Soviet Cartconist Boris Efimov

Herr Goebbels' Quadrupled Anti-Aircraft Installation

logical Clinic at Leningrad has succeeded in transplanting a motor nerve of the arm and thus saving its function. Methods have been devised to preserve various tissues taken from cadavers so that they can be used whenever and wherever the need occurs.

At the Central Institute of Epidemiology and Microbiology in Moscow a new anti-typhus vaccine has been prepared by Prof. M. K. Krontovskaya. Experiments have shown that it gives immunity after three injections. This is a discovery of the highest significance. No less significant, however, are the sanitary arrangements provided against typhus and other epidemic diseases. Prof. I. D. Ionin, chief epidemiologist of the Red Army, says that while there were 56,583 cases of typhoid fever in the Russian Army in 1915, 20,589 cases of cholera and even more of relapsing fever, the Red Army has had only rare individual cases of typhus, typhoid fever, and dysentery—and not one case of cholera, smallpox, or relapsing fever.

One of the chief factors in the success of the Red Army's anti-epidemic service is its all-encompassing structural organization. The service has laboratories and detachments in all military areas, on every front and with every army; disinfection companies and contagious disease hospitals ensure isolation and proper treatment of patients. Special nineteen-car bath and laundry trains cruise up and down the Russian front. Soldiers enter at one end of the train, shedding their clothes there. In the next car they receive towels, soap, and the clusters of leaves (*vyeniki*) with which they beat themselves in the steam bath to increase the circulation of the blood. Another car is the steam bath. Still another provides showers. Finally they emerge at the other end of the train, where meanwhile their uniforms and underclothing have been disinfected and laundered. In lounge cars they relax after dressing, listen to radio and phonographs, or read newspapers and magazines. When they emerge they are ready to go to the rear on leave without danger of carrying infection, or back to the front from which they have had this brief respite. The bath trains are under supervision of the medical corps. They were built with funds donated by the civilian population as contributions to the war effort.

Before World War I, the Russians had the highest respect for German medicine, but since the Revolution the Soviets have been turning more and more to America for light and leading in this field as well as in the field of industrial development. "Today," said Professor Spassokukotsky, "American surgery ranks above all. . . . The experience of our American colleagues is indispensable to us." This admiration has no doubt been enhanced by the quality of American surgical instruments and medicines now being delivered in a steady stream to the Soviet Union through Russian War Relief. On the first anniversary of its existence, Nov. 1, 1942, Russian War Relief announced that over $4,000,000 worth of such supplies had been shipped or purchased for the Red Army.

With this visual evidence of American technical genius, more and more the Russian surgeons are looking across the Atlantic to "the land of technical miracles." It goes farther back than that, however. "All the finest surgeons of Europe have learned from America's surgeons, cabled Chief Surgeon Burdenko last July, when he was elected a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons. "Our American colleagues enjoy our esteem and admiration, and have many followers among us. . . . The American medical service in the first world war was so well organized that I personally made it the subject of special careful study, which helped me materially in building up the Red Army medical service. In recent years the Red Army medical service drew upon the experience of American surgeons in our planning of specialized treatment for the wounded."

Burdenko's election as a Fellow of the College of Surgeons coincided with a similar award to Maj. Gen. James C. Magee, surgeon-general of the United States Army. (At the same ceremony in Denver, Col., Dr. Margaret Hie Ding Lin of Foochow College, China, became the first woman member of the College of Surgeons.) Professor Burdenko's cabled comment was: "In a way, this is a symbolic union of the cultural forces of our countries. I interpret the simultaneous election of two official representatives of the army surgeons of our friendly countries as a call to international surgeons' associations to establish effective personal contact among the leading army surgeons of all the Allied countries. We should exchange experience and methods." Explaining that he was deeply touched by the honor, the Russian chief surgeon added, "I do not regard my election as an appreciation of my own personal services. I see it as recognition by my American colleagues of the achievements of Soviet surgery and of its right to occupy a place side by side with American surgery, which is world famous."

RUSSIAN leaders of medicine have freely acknowledged their debt to American medicine. Obviously our leaders who have the tremendous responsibility of organizing and developing our military medical service have many lessons of vital importance to learn from the Russians, and they are eager to learn them. Moreover, this scientific exchange, now facilitated by the newly organized American-Soviet Medical Society, whose president is Dr. Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, doubtless will be an important contribution to mutual understanding between our two great countries—understanding which will tend to wipe out the prejudices that have separated us, and eventually ripen into sincere, enduring American-Soviet friendship. Who can doubt the enormous possibilities for permanent peace such friendship holds?

JOHN A. KINGSBURY.

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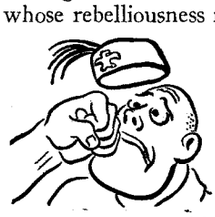
NM SPOTLIGHT

Closer to Italy

As we go to press news comes that another Mediterranean isle on the sea-way to Italy has fallen: three stepping stones in three days. Mussolini's carefully laid plans have gone awry; the surrender of Pantelleria has opened the sea lanes to Sicily, and has undoubtedly left an indelible impression upon the minds of the Italian people. For Pantelleria was Il Duce's highly-touted "unsinkable aircraft carrier." Allied air and naval superiority in the Mediterranean is now an indisputable reality; the superb synchronization of all Allied military arms in this area is a big advance from the painful experiences our side suffered during the days of fighting for the pass at El Kasserine. And as Leonid Ivanov, noted naval expert, wrote in the Soviet press after Pantelleria fell, one may forecast "that all the islands on the approaches to Sicily will be occupied soon, facilitating a landing on the Sicilian coast itself and also the southern part of the Appenine peninsula."

One should, too, at this point record the uneasiness within high Italian circles over the peninsula's morale. Mussolini's appeals for "heroic resistance" have fallen on deaf ears; Pantelleria surrendered in twenty days. Compare that to the 285-day siege of Sevastapol and the seven months' resistance of the British at Tobruk. And heroic Malta still holds out. It is indeed clear that Il Duce's soldiers do not have their hearts in the job; fascism is no ideal to die for. Undoubtedly President Roosevelt's exhortation to the Italian people to lay down their arms has had considerable reverberations. And one can only wonder at the meaning of the Pope's speech to the Italian workers last Sunday: was its effect to allay the righteous wrath of the Italian people, whose rebelliousness must be rising swiftly?



The conditions for the final fall of Il Duce's empire are now abundant; but it will not fall like an overripe plum. Hard fighting is still necessary to capture this bastion of the Axis. And before it is won certain misconceptions must be cleared up. For one, the foggy concept that air bombings alone can do the job, can reduce the Axis, can substitute for land operations. True, Pantelleria fell to aerial and naval might; but it is, after all, a speck of an island. It had a total area of forty-five square miles. It was totally isolated; its water supply was defective in quality and quantity in best of times; it was totally blockaded. The conditions under which our air power made itself felt were surely special; there can be little analogy with the conditions confronting us on the rest of the continent. As a matter of fact Maj. George Fielding Eliot, in the New York *Herald Tribune* of June 13, called for "stern realism" in assessing the lesson of Pantelleria's reduction. "The reduction," Major Eliot says, "under circumstances especially favorable to our side, of an isolated island fortress does not mean that the fighting power of a great continental country can be broken by the same methods."

After all, the bases in North Africa from which our bombers were released to reduce Pantelleria, were not won by air power solely. The bases from which we will operate to destroy German, Italian, and Japanese military might will not be won by air power alone. Despite the terrific hammering our planes and the RAF have given the Ruhr, and Germany generally, a decisive proportion of Nazi war industry is derived from other widely-scattered and secret parts of the continent. The Earl of Selborne, Britain's Minister of Economic Warfare, warns of the "tremendous output" of Bohemia and other German-occupied territory. To spend this crucial summer merely trying to bomb Germany to her knees, is to forfeit the all-over strategic initiative we have gained. In effect, it would afford Hitler time to regroup all his military elements, and to continue the war indefinitely. All straight thinking on this question must bring one inevitably to General (Uncle Joe) Stilwell's trenchant conclusions; that to conquer a territory you still have to send men there to stand on the ground.

Currents in Argentina

For the hundreds of millions throughout the world who want to see Argentina break completely with the Axis and join the side of the United Nations—and the great majority of Argentinians are to be counted among them—the strategy must be to keep the situation sufficiently fluid so that popular pressure can make itself felt in the desired direction.

A manifesto issued by the Communist Party of Argentina some time after General Ramirez' government took over, emphasized that only the vigilant activity of the people could influence the course of events, channeling them in a direction that will prevent the consolidation of a reactionary government. Against a large number of exceedingly disquieting events in the life of the new *junta*, two constructive things were done. Two ministers of outstanding fascists sentiment signed up by the short-lived Rawson regime were forced out by the time Ramirez formed his cabinet. And the removal of the hundred-word-a-day code privileges from the Axis embassies' radios stopped one of the hemisphere's principal avenues of communication for sabotage and espionage. Yet these steps were minute in comparison with the necessities of the war, and with the demands of the Argentine people.

Under the circumstances we feel it was a serious mistake for our State Department to recognize the Ramirez *junta*. A period of non-recognition, during which the anti-fascist objectives of this country could have been firmly registered in Buenos Aires—not only to impress the new cabal but to strengthen the democratic masses of Argentina—would have been the part of firm statesmanship.

However, the hasty recognition, while wasting a valuable weapon of diplomacy, has not shut off all possibilities of influencing the Argentine situation. Trade unions, church groups, and other organizations in this country must greatly increase their activity on behalf of their Argentinian colleagues. On every possible occasion they must identify themselves with the progressive struggles of the democratic majority of that country, whose objectives in the realm of foreign affairs are to bring about a break with the Axis and the closest possible affiliation with the United Nations. To achieve these aims, full constitutional rights, a guarantee of free elections, and the democratic rights of people's organizations must be restored within Argentina.

Lewis-Connally-Smith

It was an infamous victory—the passage of the Connally-Smith "anti-strike" bill. By the time this issue of New Masses is off the press that victory may have been nullified or confirmed by President Roosevelt, but in any event let it be understood that this is a bill not to prevent strikes but to promote them. It is one of John L. Lewis' many gifts to the Axis.

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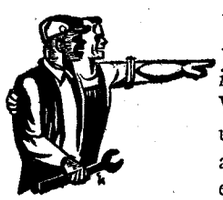
The bill itself is a job of clumsy legal carpentering, put together out of the bits and pieces of the anti-labor measure that Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia tried unsuccessfully to push through Congress before the war. The measure would make it possible for John L. Lewis' henchmen or members of the Ku Klux Klan to foment strikes in government-seized plants and then have workers penalized for a situation created by these subversive agents. Furthermore, while organized labor has voluntarily given up for the duration the exercise of the right to strike, this bill reverts to the pre-Pearl Harbor period and gives legal recognition to strikes in privately operated plants, merely outlining certain preliminary steps that must be taken.

To cap it all, this legislative monstrosity adds something that has nothing to do with strikes or the war: a ban on financial contributions by labor unions in election campaigns. It is argued that labor is thereby put in the same category as banks and corporations, which also are prohibited from making such contributions. That's very slick—and transparent. The wealthy individuals who own the corporations are of course not prevented from making contributions—nor are the humble wage-earners who comprise the membership of the unions. This is equality under the law according to Anatole France's famous dictum that both the rich and the poor are forbidden to sleep under bridges. And of course, Senator Taft will assure us, and John L. Lewis will swear by his pure and stainless love for the coal miners that all this has nothing to do with certain little plans under way for the 1944 elections.

It is unfortunate that Lewis' conspiracy against the country and the coal miners caused even so staunch a champion of labor and of win-the-war policies as Senator Pepper to vote for the Connally-Smith bill. Both the AFL and the CIO are united in urging President Roosevelt to veto the measure because it will substitute coercion for cooperation and strike a blow at the home front. The House vote on the bill shows that a veto can be sustained.

A Sock at Hitler



IT WOULD be hard to exaggerate the importance of the War Labor Board's unanimous decision abolishing pay differentials between white and Negro workers performing equal work. Here is a decisive step toward winning the war, toward infusing vitality into the solemn words of the Atlantic Charter. For the Negro people, in their struggle for equal citizenship, not only was the decision itself truly historic—so was the opinion which accompanied it. Written by Frank P. Graham, public member of the WLB and president of the University of North Carolina, the document should not be decimated by brief quotation or paraphrased.

One passage of the WLB decision may, however, be quoted for its pertinence to another magnificent event which followed it by a few days—the gigantic Madison Square Garden Negro Freedom Rally of June 7. That passage is: "More hundreds of millions of colored people are involved in the outcome of this war than the combined populations of the Axis powers. Under Hitler and his Master Race, their movement is backward to slavery and despair. In America the colored people have the freedom to struggle for freedom."

As if for the very purpose of giving immediate reality to this statement the greatest demonstration of Negro and white unity ever held in New York City, and probably anywhere in the world, took place under Negro auspices at the Freedom Rally. Twenty thousand jammed Madison Square Garden and 10,000-15,000 others crowded the surrounding streets. Nearly all types of patriotic Negro organizations were represented by their leaders, trade union officials from both the CIO and AFL were there to express solidarity between organized labor and the struggles of the Negro people; about twenty percent was white, indicating that the Negroes were not fighting alone for their right of equal participation in the winning of the war.

Beyond all else, the rally demonstrated that the Negro people are fully aware of the meaning of this war, that their demand for complete citizenship is an essential part of their eagerness for full participation in the fight.

Hearst's Race War

THEY came into California because they were wanted. They were rounded up and shipped across the border in labor gangs; they came to poverty and discrimination, but they settled down and did the best they could and brought up their children. And those children, born here, are American citizens; but they are not granted the basic rights of Americans.

There are 219,000 Mexicans in Los Angeles now, crowded into the city's slums. Their young people find themselves despised as an "inferior race," barred from community activities and decent education and desirable jobs. Some few of the boys become delinquent, as boys do in any slum when society denies them a decent life. But most of them remain law-abiding and working citizens, snatching at what few satisfactions are open to them. For instance, they dress up; they wear zoot suits.

The zoot suit is a harmless thing enough, a pathetic adolescent attempt to win prestige. These boys are not allowed positions of honor and respect in the community, they are not allowed participation in volunteer war services, they are not even given decent treatment by the police. So they wear a fancy and important-looking suit; it is all they have.

And the unspeakable Hearst press of Los Angeles seizes upon the zoot suit as a means of stirring up racial hatred as a weapon against the unity of a people's war. These suits are identified, for Angelenos, with Mexican and Negro boys, and the boys are identified with criminals. Los Angeles has an enormous crime list, traceable to years of cynical misgovernment and exploitation by labor-haters. The Mexicans do not contribute a disproportionate amount of these crimes. But the papers talk about "Mexican crime waves" and imaginary "zoot suit gangsters." And the police prowl the Mexican section, bullying its people, indulging in violent raids and mass arrests.

LAST year the smear campaign reached its height in the notorious Sleepy Lagoon case (discussed in an article by Tom Cullen in NEW MASSES of February 9). One man had been killed; and seventeen Mexican boys were condemned for the murder, though there was no evidence that they had committed it. It was the infamous Scottsboro business over again, in a California model.

And this year still further heights of race hatred have been reached. United States servicemen have been tricked, by a continuous press incitement, into mass attacks on Los Angeles Mexican and Negro population. Consistently dishonest, the local press reports these as zoot-suit gangster riots. Actually it is the servicemen who have been hunting in groups, seizing Mexicans and Negroes zoot-suited or not; stripping them and beating them. The police stand by—to arrest the victim after the beating.

A committee appointed by Governor Warren of California and working closely with Attorney General Kenny, has reported after investigation that the victims of the recent riots were for the most part either persons of Mexican descent or Negroes. "In undertaking to deal with the cause of these outbreaks," says the report, "the existence of race prejudice cannot be ignored." The committee also points out that "It is a mistake in fact and an aggravating pactice to link the phrase 'zoot suit' with the report of a crime."

Curative measures suggested by the committee—which will issue supplementary reports from time to time—include additional facilities for the care and study of delinquent youth, and an educational program to combat race prejudice. Certainly the situation demands some vigorous measures. The Sleepy Lagoon case must be retried without prejudice; the fifth column newspaper smears must be countered; and the administration must take steps to see that its anti-racial discrimination policy is enforced in Los Angeles.

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The New Tax Bill

BEGINNING July 1 millions of Americans will have regular deductions for income taxes made from their pay envelopes. That is all to the good. But at the same time the well-to-do will have seventy-five percent of their taxes for either 1942 or 1943 "forgiven" under the modified version of the Ruml plan which Congress passed and which President Roosevelt signed. Predictions that enactment of this measure would result in efforts to saddle new taxes on the low-income groups are already being fulfilled. It is regrettable that the administration is now considering tax proposals which appear to encourage this campaign.

Once again the bogey of the "inflationary gap" is being offered as justification for an inequitable tax program. The inflationary gap is the difference between the amount of money in the hands of the people after taxes and the value of the goods and services available for purchase. This year the gap is estimated at $42,000,000,000. The theory is that unless this money is soaked up either through taxes or compulsory savings or both, prices will be driven upward and all efforts to stabilize the economy will fail.

On other occasions we have expressed our conviction that the inflationary gap idea is a fallacy, an economic myth that has already been exploded by the test of experience. We have cited a report of the Securities and Exchange Commission which showed that whereas national income increased fifty percent in the past two years, voluntary individual savings had quadrupled, bringing the total to $28,900,000,000 in 1942. The pressure on the price structure that was supposed to develop from "excess" purchasing power simply hasn't materialized. The actual pressure has come from such anti-consumer interests as the farm bloc.

The President's suggestion of a sales tax on liquor and tobacco is unfortunate. Not only would it in the case of cigarettes affect an article of general consumption, but it would provide an opening for the congressional reactionaries who are determined not to stop at these two items. Vigorous price control and rationing plus those stiff taxes on high individual incomes and corporation profits which the President urged in his original seven-point economic program can bar the way to inflation and provide the government with the added revenue it needs.

Libel Upon Libel

THE Constitution may be what the judges say it is, but not even a judge can dispense with due process of law and declare a person guilty who has not been indicted, let alone convicted. Justice John F. Carew of the New York State Supreme Court, however, evidently has an extravagant conception both of the law and of his own powers. Justice Carew has been sitting in the $250,000 libel suit brought against the Curtis Publishing Co. and Benjamin Stolberg by Dr. Jerome Davis, former president of the American Federation of Teachers, who charges that he was falsely called "a Communist and a Stalinist" by Stolberg in a *Saturday Evening Post* article in 1939.

In charging the jury Justice Carew said that no man has a right to be a Communist because Communism "is a crime under the Constitution of New York and the laws of the United States." He cited the New York criminal anarchy statute and Section 5, Title 18, of the United States Criminal Code forbidding correspondence with a foreign government.

This is judicial and political irresponsibility run amok. Justice Carew has played fast and loose with the law. *Communism has never been adjudged a crime under New York or federal statutes.* No person has ever been indicted for membership in the Communist Party under the New York criminal anarchy law. The federal law cited by Justice Carew, originally passed in 1799, does not ban correspondence with a foreign government, but only correspondence designed to influence that government in a controversy with the United States or to defeat measures of our own government. There has been only one reported conviction under this law; that was in 1861 of a supporter of the Confederacy—and he obviously wasn't a Communist.

So much for the law. The political implications of Justice Carew's statement are most serious. It completely misrepresents the Communist Party and is disruptive of national and international unity. The irresponsibility of the judge is matched only by that of both the plaintiff and the defendants, who vied with each other in Red-baiting. It is particularly shocking that Dr. Davis, who, though never a Communist, has been active in progressive causes, should have based his suit on the premise that membership in the Communist Party, if not a crime, is at any rate detestable. That merits a posy from Herr Doktor Goebbels.

This Is the Soviet

AFTER two years of watching the Red Army fight, we still have some journalists who talk glibly of "the mystery of Russia." We still have professional sensation-mongers who blether about secrets "behind the walls of the Kremlin," who explain the heroic Soviet battle as yet another manifestation of that overworked myth, "the Russian soul." We still have Russia labeled as a sort of spiritual Terra Incognita which fascist and Trotskyite calumniators can fill in with imaginary massacres, imaginary oppressions, much as early geographers used to people unknown oceans with prettily drawn dragons.

There never was a Russian mystery; there was only outside ignorance. Every least detail of Soviet life has been described over and over in the past twenty years by participants and visitors, and every slightest mistake has been dissected and clarified by the fearless Soviet self-criticism. No other country has ever conducted its affairs so much in public. Yet, to the average American, the Soviet Union has remained a blank space on the map.

The noted historian Sir Bernard Pares, in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, describing Cornell University's summer program of intensive study of Russia, explains many of the reasons for this ignorance. For one thing, Hitler's Germany early made up its mind that the world should see Russia only through Nazi eyes—as a "Bolshevist menace." But the chief trouble has been a widespread blind-kitten attitude, a failure to take a good look at the facts. Our newspapers and magazines, too often, have accepted as "authorities on Russia" the Valtins, the Lyons'—any shady avowed enemy of Russia whose purpose was to involve us in the Axis conspiracy against her.

BUT events have been opening eyes these past two years. We have recognized the Russian people as our heroic allies, and Americans have realized that to live in the same world, to cooperate, the United States and Russia must understand each other. Cornell's program of summer courses is a magnificent contribution to that understanding. A distinguished group of authorities has been assembled to analyze every phase of Soviet life; it includes such men as Pares himself, Dr. H. W. L. Dana, expert on the Soviet theater; Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, expert on science; Dr. John Hazard, expert on Soviet law; Dr. Henry Sigerist, expert on Soviet medicine; Vladimir Kazakevich, Captain Kournakoff, Corliss Lamont, and many others. There are courses in Soviet industry and art and music and literature and education. There is an analysis of Soviet agriculture, a study of Soviet jurisprudence. And there are intensive examinations of the Soviet Union's international role—past, present, and future.

It is to be hoped that other educational institutions will follow Cornell's lead, until the people of the United States are studying Russia with something of the interest and the warmth with which the Russians study us.

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BOOKS and PEOPLE by SAMUEL SILLEN

"INTERNATIONAL OF THE SPIRIT"

The school child of the Soviet Union reads Longfellow, Dickens, O. Henry, with his favorite Russian authors. His country commemorates Jack London, Shelley, Jefferson.

ONE of the earliest official acts of the Soviet Union was to set up, in 1918, a massive publishing venture called World Literature. Its purpose was to translate the great writers of all lands so that every Soviet citizen could enjoy the literary heritage of mankind. The project was under the direction of the great humanist Maxim Gorky, who believed that a sound literary work, while rooted in a national life, recognizes no frontiers. Literature, Gorky once wrote, is the "International of the the Spirit." In literature he saw a precious instrument for furthering the mutual understanding and fraternity of the peoples of the world.

This conception has dominated Soviet thinking about literature for twenty-five years. The Soviet citizen's concern with the cultural achievement of other peoples is an organic part of his socialist training. Today, of course, this interest has a new edge. The Red Army man, of whose cultural maturity Gorky was so proud, thinks of himself as fighting together with the countrymen of Shakespeare and Byron, of Whitman and Mark Twain. His sense of kinship with the peoples of Britain and the United States is deepened by his knowledge of the great English-speaking authors whom he has read and loved from childhood.

In a recent dispatch from Moscow (New York *Times*, May 2), Ralph Parker notes that "one meets few young Russians who cannot reel off Pushkin or Shakespeare by hundreds of lines." In the fourth grade, Mr. Parker adds, Soviet children are expected to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In addition to Pushkin, Gorky, Turgenev, Gogol, Nekrasov, and Tolstoy, "the Russian child finishing his [elementary] education after seven grades is expected to have read some of Jules Verne, O. Henry, Dickens, Swift, Washington Irving, Longfellow, H. G. Wells, and Anatole France, among other foreign writers, in translation." At fifteen the student gets to know Byron's *Childe Harold;* soon after, he reads Poe, Thackeray, and Dreiser. This is an impressive bibliography, and one is compelled to ask shamefacedly how many American students (below the college level!) have even heard of the great Russian authors named in this paragraph.

This interest in British and American letters is not confined to the schools. One recalls that in 1940, when Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* was translated into Russian for the first time, the event was celebrated with extensive readings over the radio, in the Parks of Culture and Rest, and in writers' conferences. In the same year, the Hardy centenary, virtually ignored in this country, was widely observed in the Soviet Union, where new editions of the English novelist's works were published in large numbers. This pre-war pattern has naturally been extended with the growing friendship among the Allied powers. In November 1941, for example, when Moscow was passing through its grimmest days, the State Central Library of Foreign Literature arranged an exhibition in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of Jack London's death; earlier that year it had similarly marked a Whitman anniversary; the Library also organized a large conference at which Russian, British, and American literary relations were discussed.

A FEW months ago the Jefferson bi-centenary was observed with feature articles in all the leading Soviet newspapers. Earlier in the war, the Gorky Institute of World Literature had been forced to evacuate to Tashkent; but that did not prevent the publication of Professor Startsev's work on *American and Russian Society*, which recalled the links between the great progressive writers of Russia's past and the historic development of our own country. Alexander Radischev's tribute to Washington in his eighteenth century "Ode to Liberty" and Alexander Herzen's drama *William Penn* in the last century are cited in this volume as examples of the idea of cultural and political rapprochement between the two countries.

Young Soviet readers at Gorky's statue in a Minsk park.

The Russians do not observe literary anniversaries for the sake of the record. Each occasion stimulates a critical revaluation in the light of the war and its problems.

In commemorating the 150th anniversary of Shelley's birth, the critic M. Morozov notes that a young literary scholar, at present in the Red Army, has written a chapter on Shelley for the comprehensive history of English literature being published by the Institute of World Literature. To this Red Army scholar, D. Zabludovsky, Shelley is not a remote subject for investigation: "Shelley mercilessly lays bare all violence, all crude and brutal oppression. His *The Masque of Anarchy* is brilliant in this respect. Somehow these verses have a new ring today. Shelley never doubted that the day would come when humanity would fling off its chains of slavery and inhale deeply the air of freedom. . . . He was not only a contemplative philosopher and a creator of sweet verbal melodies. Today the voice of this singer of struggle and freedom sounds a clarion call to the English people, to all progressive mankind who are battling against the dark forces of violence and oppression."

The Russians are proud that the Nazis have been unable to interfere with their annual Shakespeare Conference in Moscow or with the progress of their new edition of the complete Dickens or with the translation of Robert Burns and of English folk ballads by Stalin prize winner Samuel Marshak. They are particularly pleased that "while a tremendous battle for the emancipation of mankind from the fascist scum is in progress, the cultural relations between the free and really cultural peoples do not stop for a day." The Lenin Library is pleased to fill this friendly request from our Library of Congress: "Recently we read that books in the Soviet Union have been published in as many as

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111 languages. Our desire is to have at least one publication published in all these languages. Is the new constitution, perchance, one of the items so published?" The Russians like to hear from the library of a great American university that ". . . a great deal of our effort is bent on building up a solid representation of Russian learning, past and present, here at the University of California."

Soviet scholarship has unearthed new materials about English and American writers. In recent years the Russian publication *Literaturnoe Nasledstvo* (*Literary Heritage*) has been issuing special volumes dealing with the relations between Russian authors and men of letters and public figures abroad. Two recent volumes were dedicated to Anglo-Russian and American-Russian literary relations. Every literary student in this country will readily appreciate the importance of the materials therein presented.

On Byron, for example, the student will find hitherto unpublished reports sent in by the Russian consuls in Greece concerning the poet's sojourn in that country, and particularly the dispatch forwarded by the Russian consul in Missolonghi concerning Byron's illness and death. Authentic Byron manuscripts have been discovered in the USSR, including two rough drafts of *Hebrew Melodies* together with numerous variants. Other materials published for the first time include about a dozen of Byron's letters and several of his prose sketches which were handed over by his sister to the Russian writer P. A. Vyazemsky. A special essay on "Byron in Russia" deals with his friend Mary Clairmond, who brought many Byron manuscripts to Moscow, where she spent a number of years as a governess.

Other unpublished materials include Walter Scott's correspondence with the famous guerrilla fighter of 1812, Denis Davydov (prototype of Tolstoy's Denisov in *War and Peace*) as well as twenty letters from the novelist Maria Edgeworth to Davydov; Dickens' letters to the Russian translator of his works; and Oscar Wilde documents. The American-Russian volume contains the correspondence between James Fenimore Cooper and Maria Golitsina as well as special sections on "Turgenev and American Writers," "Tolstoy and America," "Maxim Gorky in America"—which deals with Gorky's work in this country on his novel *Mother*—and a study of Mayakovsky's experiences in America.

When Tolstoy's library at Yasnaya Polyana was sacked by the Nazi vandals, the Russian scholars recalled to their own people as well as to us, the strong links between Tolstoy and American literature. Tolstoy's letter to his English translator they regard as a portent of Russian and American friendship today expressed in literary terms. "It is only when society regenerates," Tolstoy wrote, "that literature climbs her mightiest heights. Shall we take the period of the liberation of the serfs in Russia when a grand struggle for the dethronement of serfdom surged throughout the country, and abolitionism was fast growing in the United States! And what of the writers these times have given us: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thoreau, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and others in America—Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, Herzen and others in Russia." This feeling of kinship expressed by Tolstoy in the last century, the young Soviet reader feels today.

It is high time, I think, that our own critics, scholars, and educators, began to catch up.

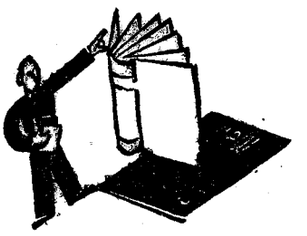
Books In Review

"Oh Happy Sin"

A TIME TO LIVE, *by Michael Blankfort. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*

If this isn't the unhealthiest book I've ever read, it certainly is one of the most unpleasant. One could stand a mere Confessions of a Louse—which has been done before—but it is something else to watch a character clawing his left hand with his right and justifying the exhibition on the ground that he is not one of those "one-eyed men" who have "blind faith" and therefore can "act." Ernie Cripton, Mr. Blankfort's transmitter, does not act, nor does he believe. For eight years he lingers on the periphery of the Communist Party, begging "faith" yet dreading to receive it. When news comes in 1939 of the German-Soviet pact he first feels "betrayal" and then "a gigantic sense of triumph and vindication." Why triumph? Because his Communist friends have been "betrayed" also: "The comrades will crawl into the kennels of their guilt. They'll torture themselves. They'll spew out confessions of their error. . . ."

He was wrong of course, but how natural the error for Ernie. To crawl in guilt, to torture oneself, to spew out confessions (for 343 pages) is practically his life work. It begins at the age of ten when he feels guilt over his father's death. He feels guilty because he has an unearned income of fifty dollars a week. He lashes himself for his fear of combat and his "fear of fear." He hates his inability to join the Communist Party and later hates the cowardice that kept him silent when he began also to hate the Soviet Union and "Stalinism." Finally, he despises intellectuals, including himself. So Ernie, who starts his political career as a left wing playwright and the close friend of a party leader, ends in 1939 as a voluntary exile in Hollywood, shunning friends and poli-



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tics. For two years he sits in rapt torture contemplating his knavery. Comes Pearl Harbor, and his gilded isolation is smashed. Again he faces the need—and refusal—to believe, to act. And after one more bout of retrospection and introspection he arrives at faith of a sort, the belief in himself as Ernie Cripton, American, who appreciates his land and feels useful because he must defend it.

I'm afraid that only a sword-swallower could accept that ending, in view of what we have already learned about Mr. Blankfort's hero. His brother-in-law sums him up on page 196 in two sentences: "You fellows think you can talk your way out of anything. Just by admitting you're a stinker." Ernie admits that too. What he never does admit is that all this towering structure of true confessions has been built for the specific purpose of keeping from himself the one unfaceable truth: that *he is too ill psychologically to believe or act* whole-heartedly in any time or circumstances. To call himself a "neurotic"—among other names—is only to state the outline of a problem. What the whole problem is we cannot guess, nor need it concern us. It does concern us, however, that the author has used this sickly vessel to convey the freight of political happenings that shook the world from 1929 to the present. For how do these things look, as they come to us through Ernie Cripton?

They look, most of all, like the private battlegrounds of a half-dozen intellectuals. The Communist Party, which so preoccupies Ernie, is chopped down to a few individuals, three of them admirable, the others either vague or malicious caricatures of real leaders. Shadowy, anonymous people flit by on their way to Spain while the conflict there takes place entirely in Ernie Cripton's torn conscience—should he go or not, is he a coward and why? He doesn't go, he decides he is a coward. His friend Bert fights in Spain, losing his sight in the conflict; but Ernie's self-disgust doesn't soften him enough to heed Bert when the latter begs him to listen to reason on the subject of the pact. To him Bert is not only blinded physically, he is like his other Communist friend, Sully—of the one-eyed men, the fanatics, the Christian martyrs. For there is more than a crumb of smugness in Ernie's humble pie, the smugness of being superior in misery, in "honesty," in his very guilt. "*O felix culpa . . .*" reads an old Catholic phrase—"O happy sin, which causes me to repent." It expresses Ernie Cripton.

But he who sins in order to repent, will repent to sin again. Even in the book's hasty happy conclusion, while Ernie is experiencing "a fierce exaltation," while he confesses in pretty confusion that probably he was wrong about the "purges"—even in that moment he declares to Sully that he can never, never bring himself to join the Communist Party: there are "bigger things than parties, bigger loyalties than

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politics." Is this the new Ernie, or the old one to whom nothing in Communism was so important as the fact that the party didn't like his chumming with rabid Trotskyites?

IF MR. BLANKFORT meant to write an honest chronicle of a weak and paralyzed intellectual, in order to show him up against the strong and clear-sighted, then he has not succeeded. The sick personality dominates the novel, which is itself a slight, dullish affair of endless soul-probing with a mish-mash of amateur psychiatry. And the sick personality, however unheroic, leaves the impress of its distortions throughout the book, on mighty movements and individual aspirations alike. Nor does the author's attempt to reconstruct his hero after Pearl Harbor help matters; if anything it makes them worse. For not only is Ernie plainly unreconstructible—he is so lacking in human dignity that he's the last person you'd *want* to regard as a representative defender of America.

BARBARA GILES.

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EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES. The autobiography of Alice Hamilton, M.D. *Little, Brown.* $3.

DR. ALICE HAMILTON, for many years professor of industrial medicine at Harvard Medical School, has written much more than a significant autobiography. She has told the story of industrial poisons, of hazards in war industries, and a generation's progress in protection of workers in the dangerous trades.

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Most employers in the early years, she found, were more interested in concealing plant hazards than in revealing them. While she did later get help from some individual employers, she says she "cannot recall any instance of help from the organized industrialists to obtain for American workers the sort of protection provided years ago in European industrial countries." The National Association of Manufacturers has always fought against the passage of occupational-disease compensation.

Typical of Dr. Hamilton's method of persistent, patient research is the trailing down of lead poisoning in the 1910 Illinois survey, first investigation of industrial diseases ever undertaken in this country. From hospital records she traced the cases of plumbism or lead-poisoning, found out where the victim worked, and studied the conditions in the plant. Tracing one case to the enameling of bathtubs, she finally found the plant where the really dusty

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work was done, and "nailed down the fact that sanitary-ware enameling was a dangerous lead trade in the United States."

She went from plant to plant in industries using lead, interviewed workers in their homes, and became convinced that men were poisoned by breathing lead-poisoned air, not by handling their food with unwashed hands. This fact was of the greatest practical importance.

During the first world war, Dr. Hamilton was again engaged in pioneer exploration, this time for the federal government on industrial poisons in high-explosive production. Conditions in plants manufacturing munitions at that time were appalling. But the picture now, she explains, is quite different. The same products are needed —TNT, tetryl, military guncotton, smokeless powder, mixed powders, and fulminate of mercury. But engineers have learned how to protect the workers in munitions plants.

One branch of the US Public Health Service is devoted entirely to industrial diseases, the Department of Labor's division of labor standards gives advice and help in engineering problems, and the Army and Navy have their own experts both medical and engineering. There has been considerable progress in this quarter of a century—much of it due to Alice Hamilton herself.

But new industrial hazards develop with new methods of production. Experts know little as yet about the effect of new solvents on workers' health. Compensation for industrial diseases is still entirely inadequate. One of the most encouraging facts, however, is that many trade unions are now aware of industrial hazards and are doing their best to secure protection.

As THE only woman on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School, Dr. Hamilton was in an unusual position. That conservative medical school does not even yet grant degrees to women medical students. No woman can be on the staff of any important hospital in Boston. In most cities of the United States women physicians find it difficult if not impossible to get on the staff of any standard hospital. Only in one country in the world, Soviet Russia, as Dr. Hamilton explains, have women in medicine obtained equality with men.

But this is almost the only favorable reference the author makes to the Soviet Union. Dr. Hamilton's splendid story of work and achievement is unfortunately marred by a chapter which is largely anti-Soviet. Based on a few weeks' observation in 1924, her discussion of the Soviet Union reflects the hostility of White Russians who were one chief source of her information. Our great Soviet ally, grappling with the most stupendous problems in all human history, is constantly bracketed in this book with Hitler's Nazi Germany.

But despite these anti-Soviet comments, the book still stands as a fine and stirring autobiography of a pioneer in a difficult field. It should rouse more men and women to go on from the point where Dr. Hamilton stops, until this country as a whole has provided adequate protection for the health of workers on the job.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

Bombardment Without War

NIGHT DUTY, *by John Stuart Arey. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*

THIS novel about a London hospital under bombardment was written from firsthand experience, according to the publishers. The story reaches from morning to morning in the lives of patients, surgeons, nurses, attendants, visitors. Between one morning and the next London is raided, the hospital is hit, and seven are dead. The author has used the *Grand Hotel* device, with the shadow of *Mrs. Dalloway* very faint at his elbow. What is it like to be a nurse, a surgeon, an intern, a cheerful old woman dying of drink, an expatriate French girl getting well, a man with a "beetle" in his knee, a soldier who was at Dunkirk, who cannot unclench his fist (until the moment the bomb strikes the hospital), a man who no longer cares whether his wife dies or not? What is the hospital itself like? What are the reactions of the sick, the well, the dying, those about to die, those in charge and those who help, those who are caught and those who are not when the bombs fall?

This first novel does so little to answer these questions that the reader is puzzled. Mr. Arey writes very bad prose, and he is an awkward craftsman. But writers have cracked through limitations as heavy as his by the sheer blunderbuss force of knowing what they are writing about. None of the authority of firsthand experience of London at war penetrates *Night Duty*. Mr. Arey relentlessly sprinkles his paragraphs with technical medical terms. He shows us how an anesthetic is administered and a diagnosis is made. He turns his X-ray on many kinds of people, from many kinds of background. Some few emerge as fair individual negatives, little character sketches, not very good, not very bad. But the book as a whole is blurred and remote.

London under bombardment—this means England at war. But to most of Mr. Arey's people London under bombardment means nothing of the sort.

For them bombardment is catastrophe only, like an earthquake or a flood, and to this catastrophe, as limited in nature as the time in which it happens, they react. To the second world war they have no relation at all.

HELEN CLARE NELSON.

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WITH CULTURE FOR ALL

Isidor Schneider analyzes the educational and artistic achievements of the Soviet Union. . . . How the artist fulfills new concepts and aims.

IN REGARD to Soviet culture, what the undecided and the skeptical have waited to see is now being shown, on an intensely magnified scale, in the events of the war. They see that what progressives hailed as an enviable role of responsible and honored social participation by the Soviet artist is indeed that and not, as the reactionaries maligned it, a case of "artists in uniform." They hear the music of Shostakovich, see the posters of the Kukryniskys, read the books of Ehrenburg and Voyetekhov, all radiating the absorbed and unmistakable passion of the participant.

This should be enough of course but prejudice, as much as anything else human, has the will to survive. Some, to preserve their prejudices, will seek subtle explanations for these works. Refuge is found in mysterious exhalations of the Russian soul or the Russian land or the Russian history, which enables its culture to be most expressive in repression, etc.

Except for the interested motives of such as Eugene Lyons, whose career depends on nourishing and preserving hatred and fear of the USSR, the prejudices can be traced to sources of misunderstanding. As regards the prejudices toward Soviet culture, they are mainly founded on misconceptions of authortiy in the Soviet Union and of the mechanisms of change, and it is with these that I shall try to deal in this article.

I BEGAN this article on hearing of a recent statement by the director of an American art museum that he respects the Soviet sciences but not the Soviet arts. This, he indicates, is not merely a judgment of taste, but also a judgment upon the conditions in which the Soviet arts function. The Soviet government, he believes, follows a progressive policy toward the Soviet sciences but a reactionary policy toward the Soviet arts. In the Soviet sciences, he believes, originality and pioneering experiments are encouraged, whereas they are

"Driven to Slavery." A painting by the Soviet artist G. Pyazhsky.

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prohibited in the arts. I have encountered this notion before, from painters, architects, writers, and critics.

Those who have followed Soviet developments closely know that such a policy, contradictory and discriminatory, as between two branches of culture, simply could not be. The same "social command," that they be in the interests of the people, is laid upon the Soviet scientists as upon the Soviet artists; and the same interpretations of what are the interests of the people are made in both. If they proved oppressive to the Soviet artists then they would also have proved oppressive to the Soviet scientists.

The museum director who expressed this opinion is either misinformed or misinterprets information that has been put before him. Whatever the information, there is always the possibility of misinterpreting it from the fact that it is a new thing viewed from old concepts. Often, when I have had the opportunity to trace such opinions to their sources I have found them to derive from a concept of government which, applied to anything Soviet, would inevitably lead to misjudgment.

In this concept, common to non-Soviet societies, government is, or it is felt should be, limited to police functions. Government actions are conceived of as negative or, at best, neutral. Associations with governments are chiefly those of restraints. The very word seems to call to mind the stiff black letters of "Prohibited under penalty of the law."

CARRIED over to Soviet life where the government enters into all but directly personal activities, such concepts cannot help bringing confusion. One must keep before him the caution that where government serves new functions it must have new characteristics. This is seldom done, however, and most Americans and West-Europeans on considering that Soviet cultural activities are in "government," and no longer in private and "independent" hands, assume that they are therefore, and inevitably, under restraints.

It should be enough to summon to mind the grand concepts of the Five Year Plans, in themselves, great, positive, creative accomplishments, to realize that as regards the Soviet government we must turn from the negative to the positive concept. Only through such a shift in attitude can one deal fairly with Soviet culture. One may reserve all one's convictions about human limitations, human frailties, etc. But until one can conceive of a thing being done as freely and as well by people in government as in private services, one simply will not be able to make any usable judgment on Soviet culture.

In my nearly two years' stay in the Soviet Union my observations did not show that curators of museums, or deans of colleges, were less independent there than here, though they were immediately responsible to government commissions instead of to boards of trustees. And these government commissions appeared to be made up of people rather more qualified in their fields. It was also my observation that artists, and writers, felt less rather than more constrained by the conditions of the Soviet "market" than American artists feel constrained by the conditions of the American "market." The chief point where I felt a difference was that among Soviet artists the sense of social responsibility and the anxiety to meet its highest demands were stronger, and more general, taking the place that among many conscientious Western artists, living in a different social atmosphere, is abstractly given to what are held to be "absolute" esthetic values.

FURTHERMORE, in the Soviet Union, as elsewhere, trends of taste have determining power. Government management must respond to them equally with private management. Consequently it must be realized that developments in Soviet culture are so determined and are not arbitrary dictates of bureaucrats. At this point it might not be amiss to cite the case of the noted stage director Meyerhold. Reported here to have been "liquidated," he not only remained alive and at liberty but was given a post as co-director of an important Moscow theater, after his own theater was disbanded, when it lost its following and became the only Moscow theater that was not filled every night.

There was no more justification for dealing with this episode as it was handled by Western European and American commentators than there would have been for Soviet commentators to have raised an alarm that Robert Edmond Jones had been "liquidated" and his influence banned in the American theater. Substantially the same forces were at work in both countries, a reaction against stylized stagecraft. The process was slower in the Soviet Union because box-office compulsions were not as strong. If one compares the two theaters, the advantage would be with the government-directed Soviet theater since the contributions of the great, early twentieth century theater designers were preserved in their fullest form longer, and more of them were absorbed in Soviet practice and principle than in any other country.

It should also be noted that when trends change in the Soviet Union, it is in content rather than in form. Where, in our literature, for example, a virtually unchanging content—the individual in society—has been expressed in a flux of styles—cynical fantasy, hard-boiled romanticism, realistic satire, stream of consciousness, proletarian realism, etc., Soviet literature has expressed in the virtually unchanging style it has termed "Socialist realism," a swiftly changing content—the Civil War, the collective man, the mastery of the machine, collectivization of the farms, anti-fascism,

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the revaluation of history, and now the war.

For this the reasons are historical. Soviet society is still extremely fluid, changes are not gradual and hidden but sharp and palpable. With their participant's consciousness Soviet artists react to the changes and set out to express them. Each social change becomes in itself the new trend. Conformity with it is compulsive in much the same manner as cultural trends among us.

As FOR general receptivity to innovation and experiment, that too requires an awareness of the Soviet terms of the question.

To return to the museum director's charge that "originality and pioneering experiments were encouraged" in science and discouraged in the arts. Actually, if one examines the arts as a whole instead of the representative paintings which American artists and writers do not like, the Soviet arts show a vast amount of experiment but it is taking other directions than those familiar here.

The difference of direction derives from a difference in aims and a difference in social atmosphere. For example, the architecture of our Tennessee Valley projects is very impressive but it is also very austere. One can see in it a reaction against the ornate monumental architecture of the recent past. Among its major impulses are negative ones, sheer avoidance of ornament, and restriction to expression of function. Similar Soviet projects are gay. The projects themselves combine recreational with water and power supply functions, and the architectural plan seeks to express it.

The difference in social atmosphere and in the very placing and function of art works brings about other differences in content and treatment. Fewer art works are produced for private contemplation. More are being produced for public places and to bring a response of communal rather than private emotion. Art works that are painted to be hung in a worker's clubroom or put up as a mural in a railway station will differ in content and treatment from paintings made for private buyers, though there are many private buyers in the Soviet Union and Soviet artists produce work for that market. In all public projects it is Soviet practice to call upon the painter and the sculptor and experiments are going on toward a synthesis of the plastic arts in monumental public construction.

For reasons that I have not the space to go into here—though I must emphasize that compulsion is not the determining factor—the content of Soviet realism is acceptance, whereas the content of realism elsewhere has been rejection, protest, satire. Life reflected from Soviet canvases is happy and fresh. Why not assume that this is so, why assume that the Soviet artist is an official liar? Certainly the events of the war show that the acceptance in Soviet life reflected in the paintings, is a fact now being confirmed in deeds and sacrifices.

SO MUCH for the difference in social atmosphere. There is an even wider difference in artistic aims. Outside the Soviet Union the presumption remains in effect, though not so much any longer, in theory, that art must appeal to a cultivated but necessarily limited public. In the Soviet concept the public must be a cultivated one and it must not be limited. Not for a remote but for a near future (it was to be a major objective of the current but temporarily revised Five Year Plan) the Soviet aim is to so educate its citizen body that the *average* citizen will stand at the cultural level of the professional—the doctor, teacher or engineer—that is, the average is to be at the cultural level where the arts everywhere draw their audiences.

Soviet culture in this stage of its development does most of its pioneering in the field of the *extension* of culture. This involves vast enterprises and experiments in the preservation and development of the national arts of minority peoples, and of many popular arts that industrialization has destroyed elsewhere. It involves bringing art into the parks, into the subways, into the union halls. It involves changes from easel painting and studio sculpture to the working out of monumental sculpture and mural painting on a scale vaster even than the Italian Renaissance. It involves collective work similar to the teams that worked under the Italian masters. This is the character of Soviet innovation which obviously deals with other problems than questions of abstract form and whether to express the objective or the subjective, or the real or the supra-real. Because Soviet innovations and experiments are not carried out in the fields which we may prefer or to which, perhaps, we are confined, does not mean that they are not experiments and innovations.

A final word about the term "modern." To be "modern" has never been a guarantee of progress. In a retrogressive period or atmosphere to be "modern" is to be reactionary. The Restoration writers who "modernized" the Elizabethans were far behind the subjects of their "modernization." Nor is the term "modern" a guarantee of independence. Independence is not "implicit" in the term, and in fact, museums seeking to promote "modern" art have best served the independence of art by being very broad in their interpretations of the term "modern." They have included exhibitions of the art of earlier centuries. If they can extend the term in time, they should be able to extend it over psychological space and be able to deal with the Soviet arts outside the conventions of contemporary American modernism.

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That is what *The Russian Story* has to say. There were fishermen tending their nets seven hundred years ago, and the Germans came; they stole the fish and killed the fishermen. They took Pskov and burned it; the terror of them darkened Novgorod. They were the mailed fist of the merchants of North Germany, looking for an empire. And Alexander Nevsky, with the Russian peasants, smashed them on Lake Peipus; the ice cracked and yawned beneath their armored weight, the water sucked them down. Their helmeted skulls and the skeletons of their horses strewed the shore in the years after, and the fishermen went back to their nets.

They came again, and sometimes they stayed for a while before the people rose and drove them out. At last, after civil war and suffering, the vast scattered princedoms of Russia were united into one country. And Peter the Great, with his fierce thirst for everything that was progress in his day, made a window at Leningrad through which Russia could look at the West. The power of the czar replaced the power of the boyars and the coral island both grew and retrogressed toward culture and mechanical progress—and toward the misery of the people and the degeneracy and cruelty of czardom. The sailors of Potemkin asked for bread, and were shot; the people of Odessa were shot down on the clean marble steps of their city. Then there was the war, and Lenin coming home from exile, and the seizure of power. And the German in the land again, trampling down the wheat in the Ukraine, trampling down the people with White Russian armies to help him.

They beat him then, when the Soviet power was hardly formed, barely organized; when they had not the factories or the food or any ally to help them fight. *The Russian Story* shows you some of that fighting. And so it comes to the twenty years of building a new world, the industries and the great collective farms, the joy of new freedom, the laughing parades of workers and children and mothers through Red Square in the May sunlight —and the parades of tanks and guns, quietly ready. And, finally, the Nazi invasion.

There was something that happened in the fields near Smolensk, you are told. It begins casually enough; just a couple of young soldiers in a trench, singing to themselves and cracking jokes. None of the glitter and pageantry of the earlier historical episodes is used here. Just an incident, a minor incident of these bloody two years. The Germans advance; and before them they drive a group of Russian women and children, to screen them from Russian guns.

You can see their faces. An old woman, quietly crossing herself; a strong mother with her two little boys at her sides; young girls with their heads up and their eyes clear. One girl, with a white kerchief over her soft yellow hair, carries a baby about a year old. Tortured and powerless, the Red Army men watch them come.

Then the girl with the baby cries to them: "Shoot! Go ahead and shoot!" And a German officer fires at her from behind.

The Red Army men succeed in saving most of the women, getting them to shelter in the trench. But Smirnova, the girl who was shot, lies under the whistling bullets with her dead arm still clutching her baby; and the baby starts to cry. Then, under German machine-gun fire, two soldiers crawl out of the trench to save the baby.

A minor episode of the war; it happened somewhere near Smolensk; it was filmed by a woman director, Vera Stroyeva, at the new Soviet studios at Alma-Ata in Siberia. For all the intensity and splendor of *The Russian Story's* earlier sequences, this last episode makes a towering climax to the film. It is nearer to us than any of the others; it is not only today's history but tomorrow's.

A peculiarly illiterate type of criticism has recently been leveled by certain newspaper commentators at films like *The Russian Story* and at the historical philosophy behind it. These critics are careful to explain their own antagonism to socialism and, even more, their own total ignorance of how it works; yet they snivel dolefully at socialism's "being untrue to itself" by celebrating the achievements of pre-socialistic eras in Russia. If they can be educated, *The Russian People* should do it. For this film makes it clear that the people of the Soviet Union are the inheritors of everything worthwhile achieved by their ancestors; not, as such critics seem to think, the sworn enemies of those ancestors. To assume that a socialist country must condemn everything that happened before socialism is on a par with the reasoning of those early Christians who declared that all men who lived before Christ were automatically damned.

The men who made *The Russian Story* see history as a continuous growth, not as a series of violent jerks back and forth which cancel each other out. The English commentary of the film makes that clear; it uses one Russian soldier, one Ivan killed in this war, as the voice of the summary of its seven centuries. Written by Theodore Strauss, this narration is worthy of its material; it is not afraid to be poetic where the film is poetic, and it demonstrates again how much better a rhythmic free verse commentary suits the screen than a prose one. It is spoken mainly by the author, with the effective assistance of Morris Carnovsky and others.

★

THE film industry can point with justifiable pride to a series of intelligent war films, to the voluntary contributions its members have made to the war effort. It has at last admitted its duty to the people—a duty to tell no lies, a duty to evade no truths. And it claims to be able to solve its own social problems.

But that hasn't prevented Universal Studios from producing *Captive Wild Woman*. This picture was known in advance to contain a gratuitous racist slur on the Negro. Protest was made to Universal Studios; and that protest was ignored. So here is *Captive Wild Woman*, with its lying implication that the Negro is a link between gorilla and white man. It would have been very easy to remove that implication; a matter of cutting one brief scene, for the thing is no part of the film's plot. But someone wanted to keep it in. Without that shot, *Captive Wild Woman* would still have been a foul job; but no one would have bothered to discuss it.

You'd hardly think human beings could sink so low and stay there, without once coming up for air. But the makers of *Captive Wild Woman* never do come up; they seem quite happy in the mud. For the racist scene is not the only offensive thing in the film.

Of course it is a silly, dull, incoherent piece of screen-writing. Of course it is cheaply and vulgarly photographed, of course its dialogue would disgrace a 1A

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composition. For these are people with no decent mastery of their medium, no skill, no sensitivity to offer. Instead they give us the pimp's bag of tricks; naked women and the atmosphere of sadistic torture.

"The film has a duty not to lie." Well, consider *Captive Wild Woman* on the subject of glands. There are thousands of people suffering agonies of pain and deformity from gland disorders in this country; they are ill-informed; they are frightened. What does the film tell them? That "you can change anything into anything else with glands"; that fiendish doctors, getting hold of a gland case, like to torture it to death or turn it into a gorilla. The patent-medicine tricksters no doubt find this stuff helps business enormously.

"The film has a duty not to corrupt." Or so says the Hays office, meanwhile blinking benevolently at films like this. But nine-tenths of *Captive Wild Woman* is devoted to the torture of animals.

Anyone who has ever handled a lion—and this reviewer has—will tell you that when reared in captivity they have much the same temperament as a friendly Great Dane; they are considerably gentler than the average house cat. To make tame lions and tigers into a cageful of "snarling wild beasts," they have to be maddened with pain and terror and bewilderment. Otherwise they'd lie around, ask you to tickle their chins, and disappoint the sadistic thrill-seekers. So *Captive Wild Woman* shoots guns in their faces, stinging their eyes with the burning gunpowder of blank charges; so it jabs them with steel hooks, bangs them over the head with chairs, lashes their noses and flanks with bull whips—all by way of demonstrating the superior Mind of Man.

The only actor worthy the name in *Captive Wild Woman* is John Carradine, who reads his lines with weary disgust. At least he was not responsible for their content. The men who were should not be permitted to lurk in merciful anonymity. I nominate for general contempt one Edward Dmytryk, who directed this horror and directed it without skill or coherence. I further nominate Ted Fithian and Maurice Pivar, listed as authors of the original story, and therefore presumably responsible for the imbecile and brutal and borrowed plot. I add Henry Sucher and Griffin Jay, authors of the screenplay, for the lack of self-respect which allowed them to accept the job and for the ineptitude of the dialogue with which they executed it. And I include Universal Studios as a body for its disgusting anti-Negro chauvinism. Four writers; for something that a not-too-fastidious schoolboy could have written in two hours. If Hollywood really wishes to demonstrate its sense of responsibility, *Captive Wild Woman* is a good place to start. Intelligent film-makers owe it to themselves and to their medium to do a little housecleaning.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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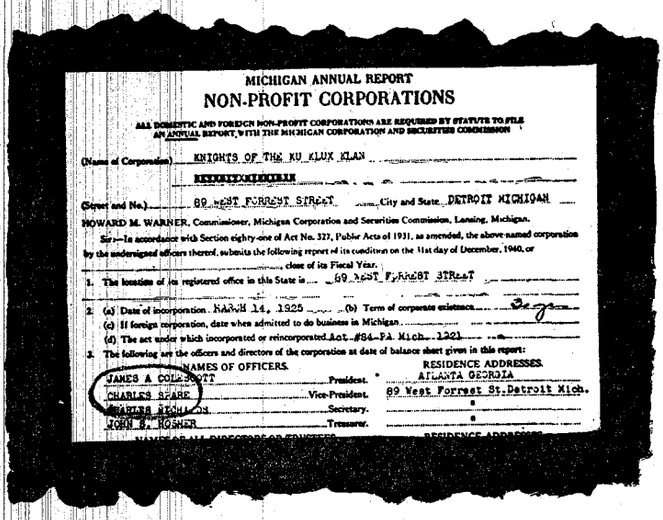
LOCAL OR EXPRESS?

Events today move at express-train speed. If you are satisfied to travel on a local you'll get there, but why not get there fast, without wasting time? In other words, why not take the NM Express? Here's what we mean:

The other day the KKK stirred up "racial" trouble at the Packard plant in Detroit. It was that wildcat "hate strike" you read about that halted production for almost a week in the important plant which turns out Rolls Royce aviation motors. New York's PM, in its June 8th issue, reported a conversation between an undercover investigator of anti-American activities in Detroit and the caretaker of the Forest Social Club, a hangout for the local Klan. The investigator asked about a certain Charlie Spare. The caretaker of the Klan hangout answered "I can't say where Charlie is. It isn't my business to know. But I can tell you he's working hard." (Stirring up that trouble at Packard's —Ed.)

If you had read NM **April 21, 1942,** you would have known all about "Charlie Spare." In fact, you would have seen the 1940 financial statement (published below) to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission by the Detroit KKK in which Spare is listed as the vice-president. John L. Spivak exposed him then as the Grand Dragon of the Klan, the highest ranking officer in Michigan of that subversive setup.



MICHIGAN ANNUAL REPORT
NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS

ALL DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS ARE REQUIRED BY STATUTE TO FILE AN ANNUAL REPORT WITH THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION

(Name of Corporation) KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

(Street and No.) 89 WEST FORREST STREET City and State DETROIT MICHIGAN

HOWARD M. WARNER, Commissioner, Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission, Lansing, Michigan.

Sir:—In accordance with Section eighty-one of Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended, the above-named corporation by the undersigned officers thereof, submits the following report of its condition on the 31st day of December, 1940, or close of its Fiscal Year.

1. The location of its registered office in this State is 89 West Forrest Street

2. (a) Date of incorporation March 14, 1925 (b) Term of corporate existence Perpetual

(c) If foreign corporation, date when admitted to do business in Michigan

(d) The act under which incorporated or reincorporated Act #84-PA Mich. 1921

3. The following are the officers and directors of the corporation as at date of balance sheet given in this report:

NAMES OF OFFICERS.		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES.
JAMES A COLESCOTT	President.	ATLANTA GEORGIA
CHARLES SPARE	Vice-President.	89 West Forrest St. Detroit Mich.
CHARLES NICHOLSON	Secretary.	
JOHN B. ROSNER	Treasurer.	

And if you had read the **December 23, 1941,** issue of NM William Allen's article "The Klan Invades Detroit" would have told you:

> THE SERIOUS MENACE of the KKK to the auto workers may be judged from the fact that at the Buffalo convention of the UAW-CIO last July there were among the delegates, according to my information, about 100 Klansmen, controlling some 300 votes. Klan members succeeded in worming their way into the delegations from Detroit—Packard, Briggs, Chevrolet Gear & Axle, Ford—and from Pontiac and Indiana. Clearly, the UAW-CIO and the cause of industrial unionism today again face a sinister enemy, this time working from within. And Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott has publicly proclaimed the objectives of the Klan. Recently he visited Detroit and gave a press conference in the Hotel Statler.

And just a few days before the Packard outburst, A. B. Magil, in the June 1 issue, warned of the KKK's intrigues.

This is only one instance where you learn in NM about events months and years before the rest of the press catches up. And forewarned is forearmed. If enough people read NM they could do enough about what they read, to wipe out the causes which lead to an explosion like that at Packard the other day.

For these reasons, NM urges you to become a steady reader—a subscriber to this publication—at once, today.

And we urge you to set yourself the following goal today, for the summer months:

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